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LATHMON:

A

POEM.

FLATHMON:

A

P O E M.

LATHMON:

A POEM. *)

Selma, thy halls are silent, There is no sound in
the woods of Morven. The wave tumbles alone
on the coast. The silent beam of the sun is on the
field. The daughters of Morven come forth, like the
bow

*) Lathmon a British prince, taking advantage of Fingal's absence in Ireland, made a descent on Morven, and advanced within sight of Selma the royal palace. Fingal arrived in the mean time, and Lathmor retreated to a hill, where his army was surprised by night, and himself taken prisoner by Ossian and Gaul the son of Morni. This exploit of Gaul and Ossian bears a near resemblance to the beautiful episode of Nisus and Euryalus in Virgil's ninth Æneid. The poem opens, with the first appearance of Fingal on the coast of Morven, and ends, it may be supposed, about noon the next day. The first paragraph is in

bow of the shower; they look towards green Ullin for the white sails of the king. He had promised to return, but the winds of the north arose.

Who pours from the eastern hill, like a stream of darkness? It is the host of Lathmon. He has heard of the absence of Fingal. He trusts in the wind of the north. His soul brightens with joy. Why dost thou come, Lathmon? The mighty are not in Selma. Why comest thou with thy forward spear? Will the daughters of Morven fight? But stop, O mighty stream, in thy course! Does not Lathmon behold these sails? Why dost thou vanish, Lathmon, like the mist of the lake? But the squally storm is behind thee; Fingal pursues thy steps!

The king of Morven started from sleep, as we rolled on the dark-blue wave. He stretched his hand to his spear, and his heroes rose around. We knew that he had seen his fathers, for they often descended to his dreams, when the sword of the foe rose over the land, and the battle darkened before us.

Whiter

a lyric measure, and appears to have been sung, of old, to the harp, as a prelude to the narrative part of the poem, which is in heroic verse.

Whither hast thou fled, O wind, said the king of Morven? Dost thou rustle in the chambers of the south, and pursue the shower in other lands? Why dost thou not come to my sails? to the blue face of my seas? The foe is in the land of Morven, and the king is absent. But let each bind on his mail, and each assume his shield. Stretch every spear over the wave; let every sword be unsheathed. Lathmon *) is before us with his host: he that fled **) from Fingal on the plains of Lona. But he returns, like a collected stream, and his roar is between our hills.

Such were the words of Fingal. We rushed into Carmona's bay. Ossian ascended the hill; and thrice struck his bossy shield. The rock of Morven replied; and

*) It is said, by tradition, that it was the intelligence of Lathmon's invasion, that occasioned Fingal's return from Ireland; though Ossian, more poetically, ascribes the cause of Fingal's knowledge to his dream.

**) He alludes to a battle wherein Fingal had defeated Lathmon. The occasion of this first war, between those heroes, is told by Ossian in another poem, which the translator has seen.

and the bounding roes came forth. The foes were troubled in my presence: and collected their darkened host; for I stood, like a cloud on the hill, rejoicing in the arms of my youth.

Morni *) sat beneath a tree, at the roaring waters of Strumon **): his locks of age are gray: he leans forward on his staff; young Gaul is near the hero, hearing the battles of his youth. Often did he rise, in the fire of his soul, at the mighty deeds of Morni.

The aged heard the sound of Ossian's shield: he knew the sign of battle. He started at once from his place. His gray hair parted on his back. He remembers the actions of other years. My son, he said to fair-haired Gaul, I hear the sound of battle. The
king

*) Morni was chief of a numerous tribe, in the days of Fingal and his father Comhal. The last mentioned hero was killed in battle against Morni's tribe; but the valour and conduct of Fingal reduced them, at last, to obedience. We find the two heroes perfectly reconciled in this poem.

**) Stru'-moné, *stream of the hill*. Here the proper name of a rivulet in the neighbourhood of Selma,

king of Morven is returned, the sign of war is heard. Go to the halls of Strumon, and bring his arms to Morni. Bring the arms which my father wore in his age, for my arm begins to fail. Take thou thy armour, O Gaul; and rush to the first of thy battles. Let thine arm reach to the renown of thy fathers. Be thy course in the field, like the eagle's wing. Why shouldst thou fear death, my son! the valiant fall with fame; their shields turn the dark stream of danger away, and renown dwell on their gray hairs. Dost thou not see, O Gaul, how the steps of my age are honoured? Morni moves forth, and the young meet him, with reverence, and turn their eyes, with silent joy, on his course. But I never fled from danger, my son! my sword lightened through the darkness of battle. The stranger melted before me; the mighty were blasted in my presence.

Gaul brought the arms to Morni: the aged warrior covered himself with steel. He took the spear in his hand, which was often stained with the blood of the valiant. He came towards Fingal, his son attended his steps. The son of Comhal rejoiced over the warrior, when he came in the locks of his age.

King of the roaring Strumon! said the rising joy of Fingal; do I behold thee in arms, after thy strength has failed? Often has Morni shone in battles, like the beam of the rising sun; when he disperses the storms of the hill, and brings peace to the glittering fields. But why didst thou not rest in thine age? Thy renown is in the song. The people behold thee, and bless the departure of mighty Morni. Why didst thou not rest in thine age? For the foe will vanish before Fingal.

Son of Comhal, replied the chief, the strength of Morni's arm has failed. I attempt to draw the sword of my youth, but it remains in its place. I throw the spear, but it falls short of the mark; and I feel the weight of my shield. We decay, like the grass of the mountain, and our strength returns no more. I have a son, O Fingal, his soul has delighted in the actions of Morni's youth; but his sword has not been lifted against the foe, neither has his fame begun. I come with him to battle; to direct his arm. His renown will be a sun to my soul, in the dark hour of my departure. O that the name of Morni were forgot among the people! that the heroes would only say, "Behold the father of Gaul!"

King

King of Strumon, Fingal replied, Gaul shall lift the sword in battle. But he shall lift it before Fingal; my arm shall defend his youth. But rest thou in the halls of Selma; and hear of our renown. Bid the harp be strung; and the voice of the bard arise, that those who fall may rejoice in their fame; and the soul of Morni brighten with gladness. — Ossian! thou hast fought in battles: the blood of strangers is on thy spear: let thy course be with Gaul in the strife; but depart not from the side of Fingal; lest the foe find you alone; and your fame fail at once.

I saw *) Gaul in his arms, and my soul was mixed with his; for the fire of the battle was in his eyes! he looked to the foe with joy. We spoke the words of friendship in secret: and the lightning of our swords poured together; for we drew them behind the wood, and tried the strength of our arms on the empty air.

Night

*) Ossian speaks. The contrast between the old and young heroes is strongly marked. The circumstance of the latter's drawing their swords is well imagined, and agrees with the impatience of young soldiers, just entered upon action.

Night came down on Morven. Fingal sat at the beam of the oak. Morni sat by his side with all his gray waving locks. Their discourse is of other times, and the actions of their fathers. Three bards, at times, touched the harp; and Ullin was near with his song. He sung of the mighty Comhal; but darkness gattered *) on Morni's brow. He rolled his red eye on Ullin; and the song of the bard ceased. Fingal observed the aged hero, and he mildly spoke.

Chief of Strumon, why that darkness? Let the days of other years be forgot. Our fathers contended in battle; but we meet together, at the feast. Our swords are turned on the foes, and they melt before us on the field. Let the days of our fathers be forgot, king of mossy Strumon.

King

*) Ullin had chosen ill the subject of his song. The *darkness which gathered on Morni's brow*, did not proceed from any dislike he had to Comhal's name, though they were foes, but from his fear that the song would awaken Fingal to remembrance of the feuds which had subsisted of old between the families. Fingal's speech on this occasion abounds with generosity and good sense.

King of Morven, replied the chief, I remember thy father with joy. He was terrible in battle; the rage *) of the chief was deadly. My eyes were full of tears, when the king of heroes fell. The valiant fall, O Fingal, and the feeble remain on the hills. How many heroes have passed away; in the days of Morni! And I did not shun the battle; neither did I fly from the strife of the valiant.

Now let the friends of Fingal rest; for the night is around; that they may rise, with strength, to battle against car-borne Lathmon. I hear the sound of his host, like thunder heard on a distant heath. Ossian! and fair-haired Gaul! ye are swift in the race. Observe the foes of Fingal from that woody hill. But approach them not, your fathers are not near to shield you. Let not your fame fall at once. The valour of youth may fail.

We

*) This expression is ambiguous in the original. It either signifies that Comhal killed many in battle, or that he was implacable in his resentment. The translator has endeavoured to preserve the same ambiguity in the version; as it was probably designed by the poet.

We heard the words of the chief with joy, and moved in the clang of our arms. Our steps are on the woody hill. Heaven burns with all its stars. The meteors of death fly over the field. The distant noise of the foe reached our ears. It was then Gaul spoke, in his valour; his hand half-unsheathed the sword.

Son of Fingal, he said, why burns the soul of Gaul? My heart beats high. My steps are disordered; and my hand trembles on my sword. When I look towards the foe, my soul lightens before me, and I see their sleeping host. Tremble thus the souls of the valiant in battles of the spear? — How would the soul of Morni rise if we should rush on the foe! Our renown would grow in the song; and our steps be stately in the eyes of the brave.

Son of Morni, I replied, my soul delights in battle. I delight to shine in battle alone, and to give my name to the bards. But what if the foe should prevail; shall I behold the eyes of the king? They are terrible in his displeasure, and like the flames of death. — But I will not behold them in his wrath. Ossian shall prevail or fall. But shall the fame of the
van.

vanquished rise? — They pass away like a shadow. But the fame of Ossian shall rise. His deeds shall be like his fathers. Let us rush in our arms; son of Morni, let us rush to battle. Gaul! if thou shalt return, go to Selma's lofty wall. Tell to Evirallin *) that I fell with fame; carry this sword to Branno's daughter. Let her give it to Oscar, when the years of his youth shall arise.

Son of Fingal, Gaul replied with a sigh; shall I return after Ossian is low! — What would my father say, and Fingal king of men? The feeble would turn their eyes and say, "Behold the mighty Gaul who left his friend in his blood!" Ye shall not behold me, ye feeble, but in the midst of my renown. Ossian! I have heard from my father the mighty deeds of heroes; their mighty deeds when alone; for the soul increases in danger.

Son of Morni, I replied and strode before him on the heath, our fathers shall praise our valour, when they mourn our fall. A beam of gladness shall rise on their

*) Ossian had married her a little time before. The story of his courtship of this lady is introduced, as an episode, in the fourth book of Fingal.

their souls, when their eyes are full of tears. They will say, "Our sons have not fallen like the grass of the field, for they spread death around them." ——— But why should we think of the narrow house? The sword defends the valiant. But death pursues the flight of the feeble; and their renown is not heard.

We rushed forward through night; and came to the roar of a stream which bent its blue course round the foe, through trees that echoed to its noise; we came to the bank of the stream, and saw the sleeping host. Their fires were decayed on the plain; and the lonely steps of their scouts were distant far. I stretched my spear before me to support my steps over the stream. But Gaul took my hand, and spoke the words of the valiant.

Shall *) the son of Fingal rush on a sleeping foe? Shall he come like a blast by night when it overturns the

*) This proposal of Gaul is much more noble, and more agreeable to true heroism, than the behaviour of Ulysses and Diomed in the Iliad, or that of Nisus and Euryalus in the Æneid. What his valour and generosity suggested became the foundation of his success

the young trees in secret? Fingal did not thus receive his fame, nor dwells renown on the gray hairs of Morni, for actions like these. Strike, Ossian, strike the shield of battle, and let their thousands rise. Let them meet Gaul in his first battle, that he may try the strength of his arm.

My soul rejoiced over the warrior, and my bursting tears descended. And the foe shall meet Gaul, I said: the fame of Morni's son shall arise. But rush not too far, my hero: let the gleam of thy steel be near to Ossian. Let our hands join in slaughter. — Gaul! dost thou not behold that rock? Its gray side dimly gleams to the stars. If the foe shall prevail, let our back be towards the rock. Then shall they fear to approach our spears; for death is in our hands.

I struck

success. For the enemy being dismayed with the sound of Ossian's shield, which was the common signal of battle, thought that Fingal's whole army came to attack them; so that they fly in reality from an army, not from two heroes; which reconciles the story to probability.

B

I struck thrice my echoing shield. The starting foe arose. We rushed on in the sound of our arms. Their crowded steps fly over the heath: for they thought that the mighty Fingal came; and the strength of their arms withered away. The sound of their flight was like that of flame, when it rushes through the blasted groves.

It was then the spear of Gaul flew in its strength: it was then his sword arose. Cremor fell; and mighty Leth. Dunthormo struggled in his blood. The steel rushed through Crotha's side, as bent, he rose, on his spear; the black stream poured from the wound, and hissed on the half-extinguished oak. Cathmin saw the steps of the hero behind him, and ascended a blasted tree; but the spear pierced him from behind. Shrieking, panting, he fell; moss and withered branches pursue his fall, and strew the blue arms of Gaul.

Such were thy deeds, son of Morni, in the first of thy battles. Nor slept the sword by thy side, thou last of Fingal's race! Ossian rushed forward in his strength, and the people fell before him; as the grass by the staff of the boy, when he whistles along the field, and the gray beard of the thistle falls. But
care-

careless the youth moves on; his steps are towards the desert.

Gray morning rose around us, the winding streams are bright along the heath. The foe gathered on a hill; and the rage of Lathmon rose. He bent the red eye of his wrath: he is silent in his rising grief. He often struck his bossy shield; and his steps are unequal on the heath. I saw the distant darkness of the hero, and I spoke to Morni's son.

Car-borne *) chief of Strumon, dost thou behold the foe? They gather on the hill in their wrath. Let our steps be towards the king **). He shall rise in his strength, and the host of Lathmon vanish. Our fame is around us, warrior, the eyes of the aged ***) will rejoice. But let us fly, son of Morni, Lathmon descends the hill.

Then

*) Car-borne is a title of honour bestowed, by Ossian, indiscriminately on every hero; as every chief, in his time, kept a chariot or litter by way of state.

**) Fingal.

***) Fingal and Morni.

Then let our steps *) be slow, replied the fair-haired Gaul; lest the foe say, with a smile, "Behold the warriors of night, they are, like ghosts, terrible in darkness, but they melt away before the beam of the east." Ossian, take the shield of Gormar who fell beneath thy spear; that the aged heroes may rejoice, when they shall behold the actions of their sons.

Such were our words on the plain, when Sulmath **) came to car-borne Lathmon: Sulmath chief of Dutha at the dark-rolling stream of Duvranna ***).

Why

*) The behaviour of Gaul, throughout this poem, is that of a hero in the most exalted sense. The modesty of Ossian, concerning his own actions, is not less remarkable than his impartiality with regard to Gaul, for it is well known that Gaul afterwards rebelled against Fingal, which might be supposed to have bred prejudices against him in the breast of Ossian. But as Gaul, from an enemy, became Fingal's firmest friend and greatest hero, the poet passes over one slip in his conduct, on account of his many virtues.

**) Suil-mhath, *a man of good eye-sight.*

***) Dubh-bhranna, *dark mountain-stream.* What river
went

Why dost thou not rush, son of Nuäth, with a thousand of thy heroes? Why dost thou not descend with thy host, before the warriors fly? Their blue arms are beaming to the rising light, and their steps are before us; on the heath.

Son of the feeble hand, said Lathmon, shall my host descend! They *) are but two, son of Dutha,
and

went by this name, in the days of Ossian, is not easily ascertained, at this distance of time. A river in Scotland, which falls into the sea at Banff, still retains the name of Duvran. If that is meant, by Ossian, in this passage, Lathmon must have been a prince of the Pictish nation, or those Caledonians who inhabited of old the eastern coast of Scotland.

*) Ossian seldom fails to give his heroes, though enemies, that generosity of temper which, it appears from his poems, was a conspicuous part of his own character. Those who too much despise their enemies do not reflect, that the more they take from the valour of their foes, the less merit they have themselves in conquering them. The custom of depreciating enemies is not altogether one of the refinements of modern heroism. This railing disposi-

and shall a thousand lift their steel! Nuäth would mourn, in his hall, for the departure of his fame. His eyes would turn from Lathmon, when the tread of his feet approached. — Go thou to the heroes, chief of Dutha, for I behold the stately steps of Ossian. His fame is worthy of my steel; let him fight with Lathmon.

The noble Sulmath came. I rejoiced in the words of the king. I raised the shield on my arm; and Gaul placed in my hand the sword of Morni. We returned to the murmuring stream; Lathmon came in his strength. His dark host rolled, like the clouds, behind him; but the son of Nuäth was bright in his steel.

Son of Fingal, said the hero, thy fame has grown on our fall. How many lie there of my people by thy hand, thou king of men! Lift now thy spear against Lathmon; and lay the son of Nuäth low. Lay him low

tion is one of the capital faults in Homer's characters, which, by the bye, cannot be imputed to the poet, who kept to the manners of the times of which he wrote. Milton has followed Homer in this respect; but railing is less shocking in infernal spirits, who are the objects of horror, than in heroes, who are set up as patterns of imitation.

low among his people, or thou thyself must fall. It shall never be told in my halls that my warriors fell in my presence; that they fell in the presence of Lathmon when his sword rested by his side; the blue eyes of Cutha *) would roll in tears, and her steps be lonely in the vales of Dunlathmon.

Neither shall it be told, I replied, that the son of Fingal fled. Were his steps covered with darkness, yet would not Ossian fly; his soul would meet him and say, "Does the bard of Selma fear the foe?" No: he does not fear the foe. His joy is in the midst of battle.

Lathmon came on with his spear, and pierced the shield of Ossian. I felt the cold steel at my side; and drew the sword of Morni: I cut the spear in twain; the bright point fell glittering on the ground. The son of Nuäth burnt in his wrath, and lifted high his sounding shield. His dark eyes rolled above it, as bending forward, it shone like a gate of brass. But Ossian's spear pierced the brightness of its bosses, and
sunk

*) Cutha appears to have been Lathmon's wife or mistress.

sunk in a tree that rose behind. The shield hung on the quivering lance! but Lathmon still advanced. Gaul foresaw the fall of the chief, and stretched his buckler before my sword; when it descended, in a stream of light over the king of Dunlathmon.

Lathmon beheld the son of Morni, and the tear started from his eye. He threw the sword of his fathers on the ground, and spoke the words of the valiant. Why should Lathmon fight against the first of mortal men? Your souls are beams from heaven; your swords the flames of death. Who can equal the renown of the herors, whose actions are so great in youth! O that ye were in the halls of Nuäth, in the green dwelling of Lathmon! then would my father say, that his son did not yield to the feeble. — But who comes, a mighty stream, along the echoing beath? the little hills are troubled before him, and a thousand spirits are on the beams of his steel; the spirits *) of those who are to fall by the arm of the king of resounding Morven. — Happy art thou, O Fingal, thy
sons

*) It was thought, in Ossian's time, that each person had his attending spirit. The traditions concerning this opinion are dark and unsatisfactory.

sons shall fight thy battles; they go forth before thee;
and they return with the steps of renown.

Fingal came, in his mildness, rejoicing in secret
over the actions of his son. Morni's face brightened
with gladness, and his aged eyes looked faintly through
the tears of joy. We came to the halls of Selma,
and sat round the feast of shells. The maids of the
song came into our presence, and the mildly blushing
Evirallin. Her dark hair spread on her neck of snow,
her eye rolled in secret on Ossian; she touched the
harp of music, and we blessed the daughter of Branno.

Fingal rose in his place, and spoke to Dunlath-
mon's battling king. The sword of Trenmor trem-
bled by his side, as he lifted up his mighty arm.
Son of Nuäth, he said, why dost thou search for fame
in Morven? We are not of the race of the feeble; nor
do our swords gleam over the weak. When did we
come to Dunlathmon, with the sound of war? Fingal
does not delight in battle, though his arm is strong.
My renown grows on the fall of the haughty. The
lightning of my steel pours on the proud in arms.
The battle comes; and the tombs of the valiant rise;
the tombs of my people rise! O my fathers! and I at

last must remain alone. But I will remain renowned,
and the departure of my soul shall be one stream of
light. Lathmon! retire to thy place. Turn thy
battles to other lands. The race of Morven are re-
nowned, and their foes are the sons of the unhappy.

OITHÓNA:

A

POEM.

OTTFONIA

P O E M

OITHÓNA: A POEM. *)

Darkness dwells around Dunlathmon, though the moon shews half her face on the hill. The daughter of night turns her eyes away; for she beholds the

*) Gaul, the son of Morni, attended Lathmon into his own country, after his being defeated in Morven, as related in the preceding poem. He was kindly entertained by Nuäth, the father of Lathmon, and fell in love with his daughter Oithóna. — The lady was no less enamoured of Gaul, and a day was fixed for their marriage. In the mean time Fingal, preparing for an expedition into the country of the Britons, sent for Gaul. He obeyed, and went; but not without promising to Oithóna to return, if he survived the war, by a certain day. — Lathmon too was obliged to attend his father Nuäth in his wars, and Oithóna was left alone at Dunlathmon, the

the grief that is coming. — The son of Morni is on the plain ; but there is no sound in the hall. No long

the seat of the family. — Dunrommath, lord of Uthal, supposed to be one of the Orkneys, taking advantage of the absence of her friends, came and carried off, by force, Oithóna, who had formerly rejected his love, into Tromáthon, a desert island, where he concealed her in a cave.

Gaul returned on the day appointed; heard of the rape, and sailed to Tromáthon, to revenge himself on Dunrommath. When he landed, he found Oithóna disconsolate, and resolved not to survive the loss of her honour. — She told him the story of her misfortunes, and she scarce ended, when Dunrommath, with his followers, appeared at the further end of the island. Gaul prepared to attack him, recommending to Oithóna to retire, till the battle was over. — She seemingly obeyed; but she secretly armed herself, rushed into the thickest of the battle, and was mortally wounded. — Gaul pursuing the flying enemy, found her just expiring on the field: he mourned over her, raised her tomb, and returned to Morven. — Thus is the story handed

long-streaming *) beam of light comes trembling through the gloom. The voice of Oithóna **) is not heard amidst the noise of the streams of Duvranna. —

Whither art thou gone in thy beauty, dark-haired daughter of Nuäth? Lathmon is in the field of the valiant, but thou didst promise to remain in the hall; thou didst promise to remain in the hall till the son of Morni returned. Till he returned from Strumon, to the maid of his love. The tear was on thy cheek at his departure: the sigh rose in secret in thy breast. But thou dost not come to meet him, with songs, with the lightly-trembling sound of the harp. —

Such were the words of Gaul, when he came to Dunlathmon's towers. The gates were open and dark.
The

handed down by tradition; nor is it given with any material difference in the poem, which opens with Gaul's return to Dunlathmon, after the rape of Oithóna.

*)

Some gentle taper

—— visit us

With thy long levelled rule of streaming light.

MILTON.

**) Oi-thóna, *the virgin of the wave.*

The winds were blustering in the hall. The trees strowed the threshold with leaves; and the murmur of night was abroad. — Sad and silent, at a rock, the son of Morni sat: his soul trembled for the maid; but he knew not whither to turn his course. The son*) of Leth stood at a distance, and heard the winds in his bushy hair. But he did not raise his voice, for he saw the sorrow of Gaul.

Sleep descended on the heroes. The visions of night arose. Oithóna stood in a dream, before the eyes of Morni's son. Her dark hair was loose and disordered: her lovely eye rolled in tears. Blood stained her snowy arm. The robe half hid the wound of her breast. She stood over the chief, and her voice was heard.

Sleeps the son of Morni, he that was lovely in the eyes of Oithóna? Sleeps Gaul at the distant rock, and the daughter of Nuäth low? The sea rolls round the dark isle of Tromáthon; I sit in my tears in the cave.
Nor

*) Morlo, the son of Leth, is one of Fingal's most famous heroes. He and three other men attended Gaul on his expedition to Tromáthon.

Nor do I sit alone, O Gaul, the dark chief of Cuthal
is there. He is there in the rage of his love. —
And what can Oithóna do?

A rougher blast rushed through the oak. The
dream of night departed. Gaul took his aspen spear;
he stood in the rage of wrath. Often did his eyes
turn to the east, and accuse the lagging light. — At
length the morning came forth. The hero lifted up
the sail. The winds came rustling from the hill; and
he bounded on the waves of the deep. — On the third
day arose Tromathon *), like a blue shield in the
midst of the sea. The white wave roared against its
rocks;

*) ἐφαίνε ὄρεα σκιάεντα

Γαίης Φαίηκων, —

— ὥς ὅτε ῥινον ἐν ἡεροειδέϊ ποντῷ.

HOM. Od. v. 280.

Then swell'd to fight Phæacia's dusky coast,
And woody mountains half in vapours lost;
That lay before him indistinct and vast,
Like a broad shield amid the watry waste.

Trom-thón, heavy or deep-sounding wave.

rocks; sad Oithóna sat on the coast. She looked on the rolling waters, and her tears descend. — But when she saw Gaul in his arms, she started and turned her eyes away. Her lovely cheek is bent and red; her white arm trembles by her side. — Thrice she strove to fly from his presence; but her steps failed her as she went.

Daughter of Nuäth, said the hero, why dost thou fly from Gaul? Do my eyes send forth the flame of death? Or darkens hatred in my soul? Thou art to me the beam of the east rising in a land unknown. But thou coverest thy face with sadness, daughter of high Dunlathmon! Is the foe of Oithóna near? My soul burns to meet him in battle. The sword trembles on the side of Gaul, and longs to glitter in his hand. — Speak, daughter of Nuäth, dost thou not behold my tears?

Car-borne chief of Strumon, replied the fighting maid, why comest thou over the dark-blue wave to Nuäth's mournful daughter? Why did I not pass away in secret, like the flower of the rock, that lifts its fair head unseen, and strows its withered leaves on the blast? Why didst thou come, O Gaul, to hear my departing sigh?

figh? I pass away in my youth; and my name shall not be heard. Or it will be heard with sorrow, and the tears of Nuäth will fall. Thou wilt be sad, son of Morni, for the fallen fame of Oithóna. But she shall sleep in the narrow tomb, far from the voice of the mourner. — Why didst thou come, chief of Strumon, to the sea-beat rocks of Tromathon.

I came to meet thy foes, daughter of carborne Nuäth! the death of Cuthal's chief darkens before me; or Morni's son shall fall. --- Oithóna! when Gaul is low, raise my tomb on that oozy rock; and when the dark-bounding ship shall pass, call the sons of the sea; call them, and give this sword, that they may carry it to Morni's hall; that the grey-haired hero may cease to look towards the desert for the return of his son.

And shall the daughter of Nuäth live, she replied with a bursting sigh? Shall I live in Tromáthon, and the son of Morni low? My heart is not of that rock; nor my soul careless as that sea, which lifts its blue waves to every wind, and rolls beneath the storm. The blast which shall lay thee low, shall spread the branches of Oithóna on earth. We shall wither together, son of car-borne Morni! — The narrow

house is pleasant to me, and the gray stone of the dead: for never more will I leave thy rocks, sea-surrounded Tromáthon! --- Night *) came on with her clouds, after the departure of Lathmon, when he went to the wars of his fathers, to the moss-covered rock of Dathórmoth; night came on, and I sat in the hall, at the beam of the oak. The wind was abroad in the trees. I heard the sound of arms. Joy rose in my face; for I thought of thy return. It was the chief of Cuthal, the red-haired strength of Dunrommath. His eyes rolled in fire: the blood of my people was on his sword. They who defended Oithóna fell by the gloomy chief. ——— What could I do? My arm was weak; it could not lift the spear. He took me in my grief, amidst my tears he raised the sail. He feared the returning strength of Lathmon, the brother of unhappy Oithóna. ——— But behold' he comes with his people! the dark wave is divided before him! --- Whither wilt thou turn thy steps, son of Morni? Many are the warriors of Dunrommath!

My steps never turned from battle, replied the hero, as he unsheathed his sword; and shall I begin
to

*) Oithóna relates how she was carried away by Dunrommath.

to fear, Oithóna, when thy foes are near? Go to thy cave, daughter of Nuäth, till our battle cease. Son of Leth, bring the bows of our fathers; and the sounding quiver of Morni. Let our three warriors bend the yew. Ourselves will lift the spear. They are an host on the rock; but our souls are strong.

The daughter of Nuäth went to the cave: a troubled joy rose on her mind, like the red path of the lightning on a stormy cloud. --- Her soul was resolved, and the tear was dried from her wildly-looking eye. --- Dunrommath slowly approached; for he saw the son of Morni. Contempt contracted his face, a smile is on his dark brown cheek; his red eye rolled, half-conceal'd, beneath his shaggy brows.

Whence are the sons of the sea, begun the gloomy chief? Have the winds driven you to the rocks of Tromáthon? Or come you in search of the white-handed daughter of Nuäth? The sons of the unhappy, ye feeble men, come to the hand of Dunrommath. His eyes spares not the weak; and he delights in the blood of strangers. Oithóna is a beam of light, and the chief of Cuthal enjoys it in secret; would thou come on its loveliness like a cloud, son of the feeble hand! ---

Thou mayst come, but shalt thou return to the halls of thy fathers?

Dost thou not know me, said Gaul, redhaired chief of Cuthal? Thy feet were swift on the heath, in the battle of car-borne Lathmon; when the sword of Morni's son pursued his host, in Morven's woody land. Dunrommath! thy words are mighty, for thy warriors gather behind thee. But do I fear them, son of pride? I am not of the race of the feeble.

Gaul advanced in his arms; Dunrommath shrunk behind his people. But the spear of Gaul pierced the gloomy chief, and his sword lopped off his head, as it bended in death. — The son of Morni shook it thrice by the lock; the warriors of Dunrommath fled. The arrows of Morven pursued them: ten fell on the mossy rocks. The rest lift the sounding sail, and bound on the echoing deep.

Gaul advanced towards the cave of Oithóna. He beheld a youth leaning against a rock. An arrow had pierced his side; and his eye rolled faintly beneath his helmet. — The soul of Morni's son is sad, he came and spoke the words of peace.

Can

Can the hand of Gaul heal thee, youth of the mournful brow? I have searched for the herbs of the mountains; I have gathered them on the secret banks of their streams. My hand has closed the wound of the valiant, and their eyes have blessed the son of Morni. Where dwelt thy fathers, warrior? Were they of the sons of the mighty? Sadness shall come, like night, on thy native streams; for thou art fallen in thy youth. —

My fathers, replied the stranger, were of the sons of the mighty; but they shall not be sad; for my fame is departed like morning mist. High walls rise on the banks of Duvranna; and see their mossy towers in the stream; a rock ascends behind them with its bending firs. Thou mayst behold it far distant. There my brother dwells. He is renowned in battle: give him this glittering helmet.

The helmet fell from the hand of Gaul; for it was the wounded Oithóna. She had armed herself in the cave, and came in search of death. Her heavy eyes are half closed; the blood pours from her side. —

Son of Morni, she said, prepare the narrow tomb. Sleep comes, like a cloud, on my soul. The eyes of

40 OITHONA: A POEM.

Oithóna are dim. O had I dwelt at Duvranna, in the bright beam of my fame! then had my years come on with joy; and the virgins would bless my steps. But I fall in youth, son of Morni, and my father shall blush in his hall. —

She fell pale on the rock of Tromáthon. The mournful hero raised her tomb. — He came to Morven; but we saw the darkness of his soul. Ossian took the harp in the praise of Oithóna. The brightness of the face of Gaul returned. But his sigh rose, at times, in the midst of his friends, like blasts that shake their unfrequent wings, after the stormy winds are laid.

CROMA:

C R O M A :

A

P O E M.

C R O M A

P O E M

C R O M A:

A P O E M. *)

It was the voice of my love! few are his visits to
the dreams of Malvina! Open your airy halls, ye
fathers of mighty Toscar. Unfold the gates of your
clouds; the steps of Malvina's departure are near. I
have

*) Malvina the daughter of Toscar is overheard by
Ossian lamenting the death of Oscar her lover. Os-
sian, to divert her grief, relates his own actions in
an expedition which he undertook, at Fingal's com-
mand, to aid Crothar the petty king of Croma, a
country in Ireland, against Rothmar who invaded his
dominions. The story is delivered down thus, in
tradition. 'Crothar king of Croma being blind
with age, and his son too young for the field, Roth-
mar the chief of Tromlo resolved to avail himself of
the opportunity offered of annexing the dominions
of Crothar to his own. He accordingly marched
into

have heard a voice in my dream. I feel the fluttering of my soul. Why didst thou come, O blast, from the dark-rolling of the lake? Thy rustling wing was in the trees, the dream of Malvina departed. But she beheld her love, when his robe of mist flew on the wind; the beam of the sun was on his skirts, they glittered like the gold of the stranger. It was the voice of my love! few are his visits to my dreams!

But thou dwellest in the soul of Malvina, son of mighty Ossian. My sighs arise with the beam of the east; my tears descend with the drops of night. I was

a

into the country subject to Crothar, but which he held of Arth or Artho, who was, at the time, supreme king of Ireland.

Crothar being, on account of his age and blindness, unfit for action, sent for aid to Fingal king of Scotland; who ordered his son Ossian to the relief of Crothar. But before his arrival Fovargormo, the son of Crothar, attacking Rothmar, was slain himself, and his forces totally defeated. Ossian renewed the war; came to battle, killed Rothmar, and routed his army. Croma being thus delivered of its enemies, Ossian returned to Scotland.

a lovely tree, in thy presence, Oscar, with all my branches round me; but thy death came like a blast from the desert, and laid my green head low; the spring returned with its showers, but no leaf of mine arose. The virgins saw me silent in the hall, and they touched the harp of joy. The tear was on the cheek of Malvina: the virgins beheld me in my grief. Why art thou sad, they said; thou first of the maids of Lutha? Was he lovely as the beam of the morning, and stately in thy sight?

Pleasant is thy song in Ossian's ear, daughter of streamy Lutha! Thou hast heard the music of departed bards in the dream of thy rest, when sleep fell on thine eyes, at the murmur of Moruth *). When thou didst return from the chase, in the day of the sun, thou hast heard the music of the bards, and thy song is lovely. It is lovely, O Malvina, but it melts the soul. There is a joy in grief when peace dwells in the breast of the sad. But sorrow wastes the mournful, O daughter of Toscar, and their days are few. They fall away, like the flower on which the sun looks in his strength after the mildew has passed over it, and its head is heavy with the drops of night. Attend to the
tale

*) Mor'-ruth, *great stream*.

tale of Ossian , O maid ; he remembers the days of his youth.

The king commanded ; I raised my sails , and rushed into the bay of Croma ; into Croma's sounding bay in lovely Innis-fail. *). High on the coast arose the towers of Crothar king of spears ; Crothar renowned in the battles of his youth ; but age dwelt then around the chief. Rothmar raised the sword against the hero ; and the wrath of Fingal burned. He sent Ossian to meet Rothmar in battle , for the chief of Croma was the companion of his youth.

I sent the bard before me with songs ; I came into the hall of Crothar. There sat the hero amidst the arms of his fathers , but his eyes had failed. His gray locks waved around a staff , on which the warrior leaned. He hummed the song of other times , when the sound of our arms reached his ears. Crothar rose , stretched his aged hand , and blessed the son of Fingal.

Ossian ! said the hero , the strength of Crothar's arm has failed. O could I lift the sword , as on the day that Fingal fought at Strutha ! He was the first of mortal men ; but Crothar had also his fame. The king
of

*) *Innis-fail* , one of the ancient names of Ireland.

of Morven praised me, and he placed on my arm the bossy shield of Calthar, whom the hero had slain in war. Dost thou not behold it on the wall, for Crothar's eyes have failed? Is thy strength, like thy fathers, Ossian? let the aged feel thine arm.

I gave my arm to the king; he feels it with his aged hands. The sigh rose in his breast, and his tears descended. Thou art strong, my son, he said, but not like the king of Morven. But who is like that hero among the mighty in war! Let the feast of my halls be spread; and let my bards raise the song. Great is he that is within my walls, sons of echoing Croma!

The feast is spread. The harp is heard; and joy is in the hall: But it was joy covering a sigh, that darkly dwelt in every breast. It was like the faint beam of the moon spread on a cloud in heaven. At length the music ceased, and the aged king of Croma spoke; he spoke without a tear, but the sigh swelled in the midst of his voice.

Son of Fingal! dost thou not behold the darkness of Crothar's hall of shells? My soul was not dark at the feast, when my people lived. I rejoiced in the presence of strangers, when my son shone in

in the hall. But, Ossian, he is a beam that is departed, and left no streak of light behind. He is fallen, son of Fingal, in the battles of his father. —

Rothmar the chief of grassy Tromlo heard that my eyes had failed; he heard that my arms were fixed in the hall, and the pride of his soul arose. He came towards Croma; my people fell before him. I took my arms in the hall, but what could fightless Crothar do? My steps were unequal; my grief was great. I wished for the days that were past. Days! wherein I fought; and conquered in the field of blood. My son returned from the chace; the fair-haired Fovar-gormo *). He had not lifted his sword in battle, for his arm was young. But the soul of the youth was great; the fire of valour burnt in his eyes. He saw the disordered steps of his father, and his sigh arose. King of Croma, he said, is it because thou hast no son; is it for the weakness of Fovar-gorma's arm that thy sighs arise? I begin, my father, to feel the strength of my arm; I have drawn the sword of my youth; and I have bent the bow. Let me meet this Rothmar, with the youths of Croma: let me meet him, O my father; for I feel my burning soul.

And

*.) Faobhar-gorm, *the blue point of steel.*

And thou shalt meet him, I said, son of the
 fightless Crothar! But let others advance before thee,
 that I may hear the tread of thy feet at thy return;
 for my eyes behold thee not, fair-haired Fovar-gormo!
 — He went, he met the foe; he fell. The foe
 advances towards Croma. He who slew my son is
 near, with all his pointed spears.

It is not time to fill the shell, I replied, and took
 my spear. My people saw the fire of my eyes, and
 they rose around. All night we strode along the
 heath. Gray morning rose in the east. A green
 narrow vale appeared before us; nor did it want its
 blue stream. The dark host of Rothmar are on its
 banks, with all their glittering arms. We fought
 along the vale; they fled; Rothmar sunk beneath my
 sword. Day had not descended in the west when I
 brought his arms to Crothar. The aged hero felt
 them with his hands; and joy brightened in his soul.

The people gather to the hall; the sound of the
 shells is heard. Then harps are strung; five bards
 advance, and sing, by turns *), the praise of Ossian;
 they

*) Those extempore compositions were in great repute
 among succeeding bards. The pieces extant of that

they poured forth their burning souls, and the harp answered to their voice. The joy of Croma was great:

hind shew more of the good ear, than of the poetical genius of their authors. The translator has only met with one poem of this sort, which he thinks worthy of being preserved. It is a thousand years later than Ossian, but the authors seem to have observed his manner, and adopted some of his expressions. The story of it is this. Five barn, passing the night in the house of a chief, who was a poet himself, went severally to make their observations on, and returned with an extempore description of, night. The night happened to be one in October, as appears from the poem; and in the north of Scotland, it has all that variety which the bards ascribe to it, in their descriptions.

FIRST BARD.

Night is dull and dark. The clouds rest on the hills.
 No star with green trembling beam; no moon looks from the sky. I hear the blast in the wood; but I hear it distant far. The stream of the valley murmurs; but its murmur is sullen and sad. From the tree at the grave of the dead the long-howling owl
 is

great: for peace returned to the land. The night
came on with silence, and the morning returned with
joy.

is heard. I see a dim form on the plain! — It is
a ghost! — it fades — it flies. Some funeral
shall pass this way: the meteor marks the path.

The distant dog is howling from the hut of the
hill. The stag lies on the mountain moss: the hind
is at his side. She hears the wind in his branchy
horns. She starts, but lies again.

The roe is in the cleft of the rock; the heath-cocks
head is beneath his wing. No beast, no bird is
abroad, but the owl and the howling fox. She on a
leafless tree: he in a cloud on the hill.

Dark, panting, trembling, sad the traveller has
lost his way. Through shrubs, through thorns, he
goes, along the gurgling rill. He fears the rock
and the fen. He fears the ghost of night. The old
tree groans to the blast; the falling branch resounds.
The wind drives the withered burs, clung together,
along the grass. It is the light tread of a ghost! —
He trembles amidst the night.

Dark, dusky, howling is night, cloudy, windy, and
full of ghosts! The dead are abroad! my friends, re-
ceive me from the night.

joy. No foe came in darkness, with his glittering spear. The joy of Croma was great; for the gloomy Rothmar was fallen.

I

SECOND BARD.

The wind is up. The shower descends. The spirit of the mountain shrieks. Woods fall from high. Windows flap. The growing river roars. The traveller attempts the ford. Hark that shriek! he dies: — The storm drives the horse from the hill, the goat, the lowing cow. They tremble as drives the shower, beside the mouldering bank.

The hunter starts from sleep, in his lonely hut; he wakes the fire decayed. His wet dogs smoke around him. He fills the chinks with heath. Loud roar two mountain streams which meet beside his booth.

Sad on the side of a hill the wandering shepherd sits. The tree resounds above him. The stream roars down the rock. He waits for the rising moon to guide him to his home.

Ghosts ride on the storm to-night. Sweet is their voice between the squalls of wind. Their songs are of other worlds.

The

I raised my voice for Fovar-gormo, when they
laid the chief in earth. The aged Crothar was there,
but his sigh was not heard. He searched for the
wound

The rain is past. The dry wind blows. Streams
roar, and windows flap. Cold drops fall from the
roof. I see the starry sky. But the shower gathers
again. The west is gloomy and dark. Night is
stormy and dismal; receive me, my friends, from
night.

THIRD BARD.

The wind still sounds between the hills: and
whistles through the grass of the rock. The firs fall
from their place. The turfy hut is torn. The clouds,
divided, fly over the sky, and shew the burning
stars. The meteor, token of death! flies sparkling
through the gloom. It rests on the hill. I see the
withered fern, the dark-browed rock, the fallen
oak. Who is that in his shroud beneath the tree,
by the stream?

The waves dark-tumble on the lake, and lash its
rocky sides. The boat is brimful in the cove; the
oars on the rocking tide. A maid sits sad beside
the rock, and eyes the rolling stream. Her lover

wound of his son, and found it in his breast. Joy
rose in the face of the aged. He came and spoke
to Ossian.

King

promised to come. She saw his boat, when yet it
was light, on the lake. Is this his broken boat on
the shore? Are these his groans on the wind?

Hark! the hail rattles around. The flaky snow
descends. The tops of the hills are white. The
stormy winds abate. Various is the night and cold;
receive me, my friends, from night.

FOURTH BARD.

Night is calm and fair; blue, starry, settled is
night. The winds, with the clouds, are gone.
They sink behind the hill. The moon is up on the
mountain. Trees glitter: streams shine on the rock.
Bright rolls the settled lake; bright the stream of the
vale.

I see the trees overturned; the flocks of corn on
the plain. The wakeful hind rebuilds the flocks,
and whistles on the distant field.

Calm, settled, fair is night! — Who comes
from the place of the dead? That form with the
robe

King of spears! he said, my son has not fallen
without his fame. The young warrior did not fly;
but met death, as he went forward in his strength.

Happy

robe of snow; white arms and dark-brown hair! It
is the daughter of the chief of the people; she that
lately fell! Come, let us view thee, O maid! thou
that hast been the delight of heroes! The blast dri-
ves the phantom away; white, without form, it
ascends the hill.

The breezes drive the blue mist, slowly over the
narrow vale. It rises on the hill, and joins its head
to heaven. — Night is settled, calm, blue, starry,
bright with the moon. Receive me not, my friends,
for lovely is the night.

FIFTH BARD.

Night is calm, but dreary. The moon is in a
cloud in the west. Slow moves that pale beam
along the shaded hill. The distant wave is heard.
The torrent murmurs on the rock. The cock is
heard from the booth. More than half the night
is past. The house-wife, groping in the gloom, re-
kindles the settled fire. The hunter thinks that day
approaches, and calls his bounding dogs. He ascends

Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown
is heard! The feeble will not behold them in the hall;
or

the hill and whistles on his way. A blast removes
the cloud. He sees the starry plough of the north.
Much of the night is to pass. He nods by the
mossy rock.

Hark! the whirlwind is in the wood! A low mur-
mur in the vale! It is the mighty army of the dead
returning from the air.

The moon rests behind the hill. The beam is still
on that lofty rock. Long are the shadows of the
trees. Now it is dark over all. Night is dreary,
silent, and dark; receive me, my friends, from
night.

The CHIEF.

Let clouds rest on the hills: spirits fly and tra-
vellers fear. Let the winds of the woods arise, the
founding storms descends. Roar streams and win-
dows flap, and green winged meteors fly; rise the
pale moon from behind her hills, or inclose her head
in clouds; night is alike to me, blue, stormy, or
gloomy the sky. Night flies before the beam, when
it

or smile at their trembling hands. Their memory shall be honoured in the song; the young tear of the virgin falls. But the aged wither away, by degrees, and

it is poured on the hill. The young day returns from his clouds, but we return no more.

Where are our chiefs of old? Where our kings of mighty name? The fields of their battles are silent. Scarce their mossy tombs remain. We shall also be forgot. This lofty house shall fall. Our sons shall not behold the ruins in grass. They shall ask of the aged, "Where stood the walls of our fathers?"

Raise the song, and strike the harp; send round the shells of joy. Suspend a hundred tapers on high. Youths and maids begin the dance. Let some gray bard be near me to tell the deeds of other times; of kings renowned in our land, of chiefs we behold no more. Thus let the night pass until morning shall appear in our halls. Then let the bow be at hand, the dogs, the youths of the chase. We shall ascend the hill with day; and awake the deer.

and the fame of their youth begins to be forgot.
They fall in secret; the sigh of their son is not heard.
Joy is around their tomb; and the stone of their
fame is placed without a tear. Happy are they who
die in youth, when their renown is around them!

BERRA-

BERRATHON:

A

P O E M.

BERRATHON

A

P O E M

BERRATHON:

A POEM. *)

Bend thy blue course, O stream, round the narrow plain of Lutha **). Let the green woods hang over it from their mountains: and the sun look
on

*) This poem is reputed to have been composed by Ossian, a little time before his death; and consequently it is known in tradition by no other name than *Ossian's last hymn*. The translator has taken the liberty to call it *Berrathon*, from the episode concerning the re-establishment of Larthmor king of that island, after he had been dethroned by his own son Uthal. Fingal in his voyage to Lochlin [Fing.B.III.]
whither

**) Lutha, *swift stream*. It is impossible, at this distance of time, to ascertain where the scene here described lies. Tradition is silent on that head, and there is nothing in the poem from which a conjecture can be drawn.

on it at noon. The thistle is there on its rock, and
shakes its beard to the wind. The flower hangs its
heavy

whither he had been invited by Starno the father of
Agandecca, so often mentioned in Ossian's poems,
touched at Berrathon, an island of Scandinavia,
where he was kindly entertained by Larthmor the
petty king of the place, who was a vassal of the
supreme kings of Lochlin. The hospitality of Larth-
mor gained him Fingal's friendship, which that he-
ro manifested, after the imprisonment of Larthmor
by his own son, by sending Ossian and Toscar, the
father of Malvina so often mentioned, to rescue
Larthmor, and to punish the unnatural behaviour
of Uthal. Uthal was handsome to a proverb, and
consequently much admired by the ladies. Nina-tho-
ma the beautiful daughter of Torthóma, a neigh-
bouring prince, fell in love and fled with him. He
proved unconstant; for another lady, whose name
is not mentioned, gaining his affections, he confined
Nina-thoma to a desert island near the coast of Ber-
rathon. She was relieved by Ossian, who, in com-
pany with Toscar, landing on Berrathon, defeated
the forces of Uthal, and killed him in a single com-
bat. Nina-thoma, whose love not all the bad beha-
viour

heavy head, waving, at times, to the gale. Why dost thou awake me, O gale, it seems to say, I am covered with the drops of heaven? The time of my fading is near, and the blast that shall scatter my lea-

ves.

viour of Uthal could erase, hearing of his death, died of grief. In the mean time Larthmor is restored, and Ossian and Toscar returned in triumph to Fingal.

The present poem opens with an elegy on the death of Malvina the daughter of Toscar, and closes with presages of the poet's death. It is almost altogether in a lyric measure, and has that melancholy air which distinguishes the remains of the works of Ossian. If ever he composed any thing of a merry turn it is long since lost. The serious and melancholy make the most lasting impressions on the human mind, and bid fairest for being transmitted from generation to generation by tradition. Nor is it probable that Ossian dealt much in chearful composition. Melancholy is so much the companion of a great genius, that it is difficult to separate the idea of levity from chearfulness, which is sometimes the mark of an amiable disposition, but never the characteristic of elevated parts.

ves. To-morrow shall the traveller come, he that saw me in my beauty shall come; his eyes will search the field, but they will not find me? --- So shall they search in vain, for the voice of Cona, after it has failed in the field. The hunter shall come forth in the morning, and the voice of my harp shall not be heard. "Where is the son of car-borne Fingal?" The tear will be on his cheek.

Then come thou, O Malvina *), with all thy music, come; lay Ossian in the plain of Lutha: let his tomb rise in the lovely field. --- Malvina! where art thou, with thy songs: with the soft sound of thy steps? --- Son **) of Alpin art thou near? where is the daughter of Toscar?

I passed, O son of Fingal, by Tar-lutha's mossy walls. The smoke of the hall was ceased: silence was among the trees of the hill. The voice of the chace
was

*) Mal-mhina, *soft or lovely brow*. *Mh* in the Galic language has the same sound with *v* in English.

**) Tradition has not handed down the name of this son of Alpin. His father was one of Fingal's principal bards, and he appears himself to have had a poetical genius.

was over. I saw the daughters of the bow. I asked about Malvina, but they answered not. They turned their faces away: thin darkness covered their beauty. They were like stars, on a rainy hill, by night, each looking faintly through her mist.

Pleasant *) be thy rest, O lovely beam! soon hast thou set on our hills! The steps of thy departure were stately, like the moon on the blue, trembling wave. But thou hast left us in darkness, first of the maids of Lutha! We sit, at the rock, and there is no voice; no light but the meteor of fire! Soon hast thou set, Malvina, daughter of generous Toscar!

But thou risest like the beam of the east, among the spirits of thy friends, where they sit in their stormy halls, the chambers of the thunder. — A cloud hovers over Cona: its blue curling sides are high. The winds are beneath it, with their wings; within it is the dwelling **) of Fingal. There the hero sits in
darkness;

*) Ossian speaks. He calls Malvina a beam of light, and continues the metaphor throughout the paragraph.

**) The description of this ideal palace of Fingal is very poetical, and agreeable to the notions of those

darkness; his airy spear is in his hand. His shield half covered with clouds, is like the darkened moon; when one half still remains in the wave, and the other looks sickly on the field.

His friends sit around the king, on mist; and hear the songs of Ullin: he strikes the half-viewless harp; and raises the feeble voice. The lesser heroes, with a thousand meteors, light the airy hall. Malvina rises, in the midst; a blush is on her cheek. She beholds the unknown faces of her fathers, and turns aside her humid eyes.

Art thou come so soon, said Fingal, daughter of generous Toscar? Sadness dwells in the halls of Lutha. My aged son *) is sad. I hear the breeze of Cona, that

times, concerning the state of the deceased, who were supposed to pursue, after death, the pleasures and employments of their former life. The situation of Ossian's heroes, in their separate state, if not entirely happy, is more agreeable, than the notions of the ancient Greeks concerning their departed heroes. See Hom. Odyss. l. 11.

*) Ossian, who had a great friendship for Malvina, both on account of her love for his son Oscar, and her attention to his own poems.

that was wont to lift thy heavy locks. It comes to the hall, but thou art not there; its voice is mournful among the arms of thy fathers. Go with thy rustling wing, O breeze! and sigh on Malvina's tomb. It rises yonder beneath the rock, at the blue stream of Lutha. The maids *) are departed to their place; and thou alone, O breeze, mournest there.

But who comes from the dusky west, supported on a cloud? A smile is on his gray, watry face; his locks of mist fly on the wind: he bend forward on his airy spear: it is thy father, Malvina! Why shinest thou, so soon, on our clouds, he says, o lovely light of

*) That is, the young virgins who sung the funeral elegy over her tomb.

**) Ossian, by way of disrespect, calls those, who succeeded the heroes whose actions he celebrates, *the sons of little men*. Tradition is entirely silent concerning what passed in the north, immediately after the death of Fingal and all his heroes; but it appears from that term of ignominy just mentioned, that the actions of their successors were not to be compared to those of the renowned Fingalians.

of Lutha! — But thou wert sad, my daughter, for thy friends were passed away. The sons of little men**) were in the hall; and none remained of the heroes, but Ossian king of spears.

And dost thou remember Ossian, car-borne Toscar.*) son of Conloch? The battles of our youth were many; our swords went together to the field. They saw us coming like two falling rocks; and the sons of the stranger fled. There come the warriors of Cona; they said; their steps are in the paths of the vanquished.

Draw near, son of Alpin, to the song of the aged. The actions of other times are in my soul: my memory beams on the days that are past. On the days of the mighty Toscar, when our path was in the deep. Draw near, son of Alpin, to the last sound**) of the voice of Cona.

The

*) Toscar was the son of that Conloch, who was also father to the lady, whose unfortunate death is related in the last episode of the second book of Fingal.

**) Ossian seems to intimate by this expression, that this poem was the last of his composition; so that there is some foundation for the traditional title of *the last hymn of Ossian*.

The king of Morven commanded, and I raised my sails to the wind. Toscar chief of Lutha stood at my side, as I rose on the dark-blue wave. Our course was to sea-surrounded Berrathon *), the isle of many storms. There dwelt, with his locks of age, the stately strength of Larthmor. Larthmor who spread the feast of shells to Comhal's mighty son, when he went to Starno's halls, in the days of Agandecca. But when the chief was old, the pride of his son arose, the pride of fair-haired Uthal, the love of a thousand maids. He bound the aged Larthmor, and dwelt in his sounding halls.

Long pined the king in his cave, beside his rolling sea. Morning did not come to his dwelling; nor the burning oak by night. But the wind of ocean was there, and the parting beam of the moon. The red star looked on the king, when it trembled on the western wave. Snitho came to Selma's hall: Snitho
compa-

*) Barrathón, a promontory in the midst of waves. The poet gives it the epithet of sea-surrounded, to prevent its being taken for a peninsula in the literal sense.

companion of Larthmor's youth. He told of the king of Berrathon: the wrath of Fingal rose. Thrice he assumed the spear, resolved to stretch his hand to Uthal. But the memory *) of his actions rose before the king, and he sent his son and Toscar. Our joy was great on the rolling sea; and we often half unsheathed our swords **). For never before had we fought alone, in the battles of the spear. Night came down on the ocean;

*) The meaning of the poet is, that Fingal remembered his own great actions; and consequently would not fully them by engaging in a petty war against Uthal, who was so far his inferior in valour and power.

**) The impatience of young warriors, going on their first expedition, is well marked by their half-drawing their swords. The modesty of Ossian, in his narration of a story which does him so much honour, is remarkable; and his humanity to Ninathoma would grace a hero of our own polished age. Though Ossian passes over his own actions in silence, or slightly mentions them; tradition has done ample justice to his martial fame, and perhaps has exaggerated the actions of the poet beyond the bounds of credibility.

ocean; the winds departed on their wings. Cold and pale is the moon. The red stars lift their heads. Our course is slow along the coast of Berrathon; the white waves tumble on the rocks.

What voice is that, said Toscar, which comes between the sounds of the waves? It is soft but mournful, like the voice of departed bards. But I behold the maid *), she sits on the rock alone. Her head bends on her arm of snow: her dark hair is in the wind. Hear, son of Fingal, her song, it is smooth as the gliding waters of Lavath. — We came to the silent bay, and heard the maid of night.

How long will ye roll around me, blue-tumbling waters of ocean? My dwelling was not always in caves, nor beneath the whistling tree. The feast was spread in Trothóma's hall; my father delighted in my voice. The youths beheld me in the steps of my loveliness, and they blessed the dark-haired Nina-thoma. It was then thou didst come, O Uthal! like the sun of heaven. The souls of the virgins are thine, son of generous

*) Nina-thoma the daughter of Torthóma, who had been confined to a desert island by her lover Uthal.

rous Larthmor! But why dost thou leave me alone in the midst of roaring waters. Was my soul dark with thy death? Did my white hand lift the sword? Why then hast thou left me alone, king of high Finthormo!*)

The tear started from my eye, when I heard the voice of the maid. I stood before her in my arms, and spoke the words of peace. ——— Lovely dweller of the cave, what sigh is in that breast? Shall Ossian lift his sword in thy presence, the destruction of thy foes? — Daughter of Torthóma, rise, I have heard the words of thy grief. The race of Morven are around thee, who never injured the weak. Come to our dark-bosomed ship, thou brighter than that setting moon. Our course is to the rocky Berrathon, to the echoing walls of Finthormo. ——— She came in her beauty, she came with all her lovely steps. Silent joy brightened in her face, as when the shadows fly from the field of spring; the blue-stream is rolling in brightness, and the green bush bends over its course.

The

*) Finthormo, the palace of Uthal. The names in this episode are not of a Celtic original; which makes it probable that Ossian sounds his poem on a true story.

The morning rose with its beams. We came to Rothma's bay. A boar rushed from the wood; my spear pierced his side. I rejoiced over the blood *), and foresaw my growing fame. — But now the sound of Uthal's train came from the high Finthormo; they spread over the heath to the chace of the boar. Himself comes slowly on, in the pride of his strength. He lifts two pointed spears. On his side is the hero's sword. Three youths carry his polished bows: the bounding of five dogs is before him. His warriors move on, at a distance, admiring the steps of the king. Stately was the son of Larthmor! but his soul was dark. Dark as the troubled face of the moon, when it foretels the storms.

We rose on the heath before the king; he stopt in the midst of his course. His warriors gathered around,

*) Ossian thought that his killing the boar, on his first landing in Berrathon, was a good omen of his future success in that island. The present highlanders look, with a degree of superstition, upon the success of their first action, after they have engaged in any desperate undertaking.

around, and a gray-haired bard advanced. Whence are the sons of the strangers? begun the bard. The children of the unhappy come to Berrathon; to the sword of car-borne Uthal. He spreads no feast in his hall: the blood of strangers is on his streams. If from Selma's walls ye come, from the mossy walls of Fingal, chuse three youths to go to your king to tell of the falls of his people. Perhaps the hero may come and pour his blood on Uthal's sword; so shall the fame of Finthormo arise, like the growing tree of the vale.

Never will it rise, O bard, I said in the pride of my wrath. He would shrink in the presence of Fingal, whose eyes are the flames of death. The son of Comhal comes, and the kings vanish in his presence; they are rolled together, like mist, by the breath of his rage. Shall three tell to Fingal, that his people fell? Yes! — they may tell it, bard! but his people shall fall with fame.

I stood in the darkness of my strength; Toscar drew his sword at my side. The foe came on like a stream: the mingled sound of death arose. Man took man, shield met shield; steel mixed its beams with steel.

steel. --- Darts hiss through air; spears ring on mails;
and sword on broken bucklers bound. As the noise
of an aged grove beneath the roaring wind; when a
thousand ghosts break the trees by night, such was
the din of arms. — But Uthal fell beneath my
sword; and the tear hung in my eye. Thou art fal-
len *), young tree, I said, with all thy beauty round
thee. Thou art fallen on thy plains, and the field is
bare. The winds come from the desert, and there is
no sound in thy leaves! Lovely art thou in death, son
of car-borne Larthmor.

Nina-

- *) To mourn over the fall of their enemies was a pra-
ctice universal among Ossian's heroes. This is more
agreeable to humanity, than the shameful insulting
of the dead, so common in Homer, and after him,
fervilely copied by all his imitators, the humane
Virgil not excepted, who have been more successful
in borrowing the imperfections of that great poet,
than in their imitations of his beauties. Homer, it
is probable, gave the manners of the times in which
he wrote, not his own sentiments: Ossian also seems
to keep to the sentiments of his heroes. The reve-
rence, which the most barbarous highlanders have
still for the remains of the deceased, seems to have
descended to them from their most remote ancestors.

Nina thoma sat on the shore, and heard the sound of battle. She turned her red eyes on Lethmal the gray-haired bard of Selma ! for he had remained on the coast, with the daughter of Torthóma. Son of the times of old ! she said, I hear the noise of death. Thy friends have met with Uthal and the chief is low ! O that I had remained on the rock, inclosed with the tumbling waves ! Then would my soul be sad, but his death would not reach my ear. Art thou fallen on thy heath, O son of high Finthormo ! thou didst leave me on a rock, but my soul was full of thee. Son of high Finthormo ! art thou fallen on thy heath ?

She rose pale in her tears, and saw the bloody shield of Uthal ; she saw it in Ossian's hand ; her steps were distracted on the heath. She flew ; she found him ; she fell. Her soul came forth in a sigh. Her hair is spread on his face. My bursting tears descend. A tomb arose on the unhappy ; and my song was heard.

Rest, hapless children of youth ! at the noise of that mossy stream, The virgins will see your tomb, at the chace, and turn away their weeping eyes. Your fame will be in the song ; the voice of the harp will

will be heard in your praise. The daughters of Selma
shall hear it; and your renown shall be in other lands.
— Rest, children of youth, at the noise of the mossy
stream.

Two days we remained on the coast. The heroes
of Berrathon convened. We brought Larthmor to
his halls; the feast of shells was spread. — The joy
of the aged was great; he looked to the arms of his
fathers; the arms which he left in his hall, when the
pride of Uthal arose. — We were renowned before
Larthmor, and he blessed the chiefs of Morven; but
he knew not that his son was low, the stately strength
of Uthal. They had told, that he had retired to the
woods, with the tears of grief; they had told it, but
he was silent in the tomb of Rothma's heath.

On the fourth day we raised our sails to the roar
of the northern wind. Larthmor came to the coast,
and his bards raised the song. The joy of the king
was great, he looked to Rothma's gloomy heath;
he saw the tomb of his son; and the memory of Uthal
rose. — Who of my heroes, he said, lies there;
he seems to have been of the kings of spears? Was
he renowned in my halls, before the pride of Uthal
rose?

Ye are silent, ye sons of Berrathon, is the king of heroes low? — My heart melts for thee, O Uthal; though thy hand was against thy father. — O that I had remained in the cave! that my son had dwelt in Finthormo! — I might have heard the tread of his feet, when he went to the chace of the boar. --- I might have heard his voice on the blast of my cave. Then would my soul be glad: but now darkness dwells in my halls.

Such were my deeds, son of Alpin, when the arm of my youth was strong; such were *) the actions of Toscar, the car-corne son of Conloch. But Toscar is on his flying cloud; and I am alone at Lutha: my voice is like the last sound of the wind, when it forsakes the woods. But Ossian shall not be long alone, he sees the mist that shall receive his ghost. He beholds the mist that shall form his robe, when he appears on his hills. The sons of little men shall behold me, and admire the stature of the chiefs of old. They shall creep to their caves, and look to the sky with fear; for my steps shall be in the clouds, and darkness shall roll on my side.

Lead.

*) Ossian speaks.

Lead, son of Alpin, lead the aged to his woods.
The winds begin to rise. The dark wave of the
lake resounds. Bends there not a tree from Mora
with its branches bare? It bends, son of Alpin, in the
rustling blast. My harp hangs on a blasted branch.
The sound of its strings is mournful. — Does
the wind touch thee, O harp, or is it some
passing ghost! — It is the hand of Malvina! but
bring me the harp, son of Alpin; another song shall
rise. My soul shall depart in the sound; my fathers
shall hear it in their airy hall. — Their dim faces
shall hang, with joy, from their clouds; and their
hands receive their son.

*) The aged oak bends over the stream. It sighs
with all its moss. The withered fern whistles near,
and mixes, as it waves, with Ossian's hair. —
Strike the harp and raise the song: be near, with all
your wings, ye winds. Bear the mournful sound away
to Fingal's airy hall. Bear it to Fingal's hall, that he
may

*) Here begins the lyric piece, with which, tradition
says, Ossian concluded his poems. — It is set to
music, and still sung in the north, with a great deal
of wild simplicity, but little variety of sound.

may hear the voice of his son; the voice of him that praised the mighty. — The blast of the north opens thy gates, O king, and I behold thee sitting on mist, dimly gleaming in all thine arms. Thy form now is not the terror of the valiant: but like a watery cloud; when we see the stars behind it with their weeping eyes. Thy shield is like the aged moon: thy sword a vapour half-kindled with fire. Dim and feeble is the chief, who travelled in brightness before. —

But thy steps *) are on the winds of the desert, and the storms darken in thy hand. Thou takest the
sun

*) This magnificent description of the power of Fingal over the winds and storms, and the image of his taking the sun, and hiding him in the clouds, do not correspond with the preceding paragraph, where he is represented as a feeble ghost, and no more the **TERROR OF THE VALIANT**; but it agrees with the notion of the times concerning the souls of the deceased, who, it was supposed, had the command of the winds and storms, but in combat were not a match for valiant men.

sun in thy wrath, and hidest him in thy clouds. The sons of little men are afraid; and a thousand showers descend. —

But when thou comest forth in thy mildness; the gale of the morning is near thy course. The sun laughs in his blue fields; and the gray stream winds in its valley, — The bushes shake their green heads in the wind. The roes bound towards the desert.

But there is a murmur in the heath! the stormy winds abate! I hear the voice of Fingal. Long has it been absent from mine ear! — Come, Ossian, come

It was the immoderate praise bestowed by the poets on their departed friends, that gave the first hint to superstition to deify the deceased heroes; and those new divinities owed all their attributes to the fancy of the bard who sung their elegies.

We do not find, that the praises of Fingal had this effect upon his countrymen; but that is to be imputed to the idea they had of power, which they always connected with bodily strength and personal valour, both which were dissolved by death.

come away, he says: Fingal has received his fame. We passed away, like flames that had shone for a season, our departure was in renown. Though the plains of our battles are dark and silent; our fame is in the four gray stones. The voice of Ossian has been heard; and the harp was strung in Selma. — Come, Ossian, come away, he says, and fly with thy fathers on clouds.

And come I will, thou king of men! the life of Ossian fails. I begin to vanish on Cona; and my steps are not seen in Selma. Beside the stone of Mora I shall fall asleep. The winds whistling in my grey hair shall not waken me. — Depart on thy wings, O wind: thou canst not disturb the rest of the bard. The night is long, but his eyes are heavy; depart, thou rustling blast.

But why art thou sad, son of Fingal? Why grows the cloud of thy soul? The chiefs of other times are departed; they have gone without their fame. The sons of future years shall pass away; and another race arise. The people are like the waves
of

ocean: like the leaves *) of woody Morven, they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads. —————

Did thy beauty last, O Ryno **)? Stood the strength of car-borne Oscar? Fingal himself passed away;

*) The same thought may be found almost in the same words, in Homer, vi. 46.

Ὅμη περφύλλων γενεή, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
 Φύλλα ταμέν τ' ἀνεμος χαμάδις χέει, ἄλλα δε
 θ' ὕγη

Τυλεθόωσα φύει ἔαρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρη.

Mr. Pope falls short of his original; in particular he has omitted altogether the beautiful image of the wind strewing the withered leaves on the ground.

Like leaves on trees the race of men are found,
 Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground;
 Another race the following spring supplies;
 They fall successive, and successive rise.

P O P E.

**) Ryno, the son of Fingal, who was killed in Ireland, in the war against Swaran, [Fing. b. 5.] was remar-

away; and the halls of his fathers forgoth his steps. —
and shalt thou remain, aged bard! when the mighty
have

kable for the beauty of his person, his swiftness and great exploits. Minvane, the daughter of Morni, and sister to Gaul so mentioned in Ossian's compositions, was in love with Ryno. — Her lamentation over her lover is introduced as an episode in one of Ossian's great poems. The lamentation is the only part of the poem now extant, and as it has some poetical merit, I have subjoined it to this note. The poet represents Minvane as seeing, from one of the rocks of Morven, the fleet of Fingal returning from Ireland.

She blushing sad, from Morven's rocks, bends over
the darkly-rolling sea. She saw the youths in all
their arms. — Where, Ryno, where art thou?

Our dark looks told that he was low! — That
pale the hero flew on clouds! That in the grass of
Morven's hills, his feeble voice was heard in wind!

And is the son of Fingal fallen, on Ullin's mossy
plains? Strong was the arm that conquered him! —
Ah me! I am alone.

Alone.

have failed? — But my fame shall remain, and
grow like the oak of Morven; which lifts its broad
head

Alone I will not be, ye winds! that lift my dark-
brown hair. My sighs will not long mix with your
stream; for I must sleep with Ryno.

I see thee not with beauty's steps returning from
the chace. — The night is round Minvane's love;
and silence dwells with Ryno.

Where are thy dogs, and were thy bow? Thy
shield that was so strong? Thy sword like heaven's
descending fire? The bloody spear of Ryno.

I see them mixed in thy ship; I see them stained
with blood. — No arms are in thy narrow hall,
O darkly-dwelling Ryno!

When will the morning come, and say, arise,
thou king of spears! arise, the hunters are abroad.
The hinds are near thee, Ryno!

Away, thou fair-haired morning, away! the
slumbering king hears thee not! The hinds bound
over his narrow tomb; for death dwells round young
Ryno.

head to the storm, and rejoices in the course of the wind.

But I will tread softly, my king! and steal to the bed of thy repose. Minvane will lie in silence, near her slumbering Ryno.

The maids shall seek me; but they shall not find me: they shall follow my departure with songs. But I will not hear you, O maids: I sleep with fair-haired Ryno.

CATHLIN

CATHLIN

OF

CLUTHA:

A

POEM.

A R G U M E N T.

An address to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar. — The poet relates the arrival of Cathlin in Selma, to solicit aid against Duth-carmor of Clutha, who had killed Cathmol, for the sake of his daughter Lanul. — Fingal declining to make a choice among his heroes, who were all claiming the command of the expedition; they retired *each to his bill of ghosts*; to be determined by dreams. The spirit of Trenmor appears to Ossian and Oscar: they sail, from the bay of Carmona, and, on the fourth day, appear off the valley of Rath-col, in Inis-huna, where Duth-carmor had fixed his residence. — Ossian dispatches a bard to Duth-carmor to demand battle. — Night comes on. — The distress of Cathlin of Clutha. — Ossian devolves the command on Oscar, who, according to the custom of the kings of Morven, before battle, retired to a neighbouring hill. — Upon the coming on of day, the battle joins. — Oscar and Duth-carmor meet. The latter falls. — Oscar carries the mail and helmet of Duth-carmor to Cathlin, who had retired from the field. Cathlin is discovered to be the daughter of Cathmol, in disguise, who had been carried off, by force, by, and had made her escape from, Duth-carmor.

CATHLIN OF CLUTHA: A POEM.

*) **C**ome, thou beam that art lonely, from watching in the night! The squally winds are around thee, from all their echoing hills. Red, over my hundred streams, are the light-covered path of the dead.

*) The traditions, which accompany this poem, inform us, that both it, and the succeeding piece, went, of old, under the name of *Laoi Oi-lutha*; i. e. the *hymns of the maid of Lutha*. They pretend also to fix the time of its composition to the third year after the death of Fingal; that is, during the expedition of Fergus the son of Fingal, to the banks of *Uisca duthon*. In support of this opinion, the Highland senachies have prefixed to this poem, an

dead. They rejoice, on the eddying winds, in the still season of night. — Dwells there no joy in song, white hand of the harps of Lutha? Awake the voice of the string, and roll my soul to me. It is a stream that has failed. — Malvina pour the song.

I hear

address of Ossian, to Congal the young son of Fergus, which I have rejected, as having no manner of connection with the rest of the piece. — It has poetical merit; and, probably, it was the opening of one of Ossian's other poems, tho' the bards injudiciously transferred it to the piece now before us.

“Congal son of Fergus of Durath, thou light between thy locks, ascend to the rock of Selma, to the oak of the breaker of shields. Look over the bosom of night, it is streaked with the red paths of the dead: look on the night of ghosts, and kindle, O Congal, thy soul. Be not, like the moon on a stream, lonely in the midst of clouds: darkness closes around it; and the beam departs. — Depart not, son of Fergus, ere thou markest the field with thy sword. Ascend to the rock of Selma; to the oak of the breaker of shields.”

I hear thee, from thy darkness, in Selma, thou
 that watchest, lonely, by night! Why didst thou
 with-hold the song, from Ossian's failing soul? —
 As the falling brook to the ear of the hunter, descen-
 ding from his storm-covered hill; in a sun-beam rolls
 the echoing stream; he hears, and shakes his dewy
 locks: such is the voice of Lutha, to the friend of the
 spirits of heroes. — My swelling bosom beats high.
 I look back on the days that are past. — Come,
 thou beam that art lonely, from the watching of night.

In the echoing bay of Carmona *) we saw, one
 day, the bounding ship. On high, hung a broken
 shield;

*) Car-mona, bay of the dark brown hills, an arm of
 the sea, in the neighbourhood of Selma. — In this
 paragraph are mentioned the signals presented to
 Fingal, by those who came to demand his aid. The
 suppliants held, in one hand, a shield covered with
 blood, and, in the other, a broken spear; the first
 a symbol of the death of their friends, the last an
 emblem of their own helpless situation. If the king
 chose to grant succours, which generally was the
 case, he reached to them *the shell of feasts*, as a to-
 ken

shield; it was marked with wandering blood. Forward came a youth, in armour, and stretched his pointless spear. Long, over his tearful eyes, hung loose his disordered locks. Fingal gave the shell of kings. The words of the stranger arose.

In

ken of his hospitality and friendly intentions towards them.

It may not be disagreeable to the reader to lay here before him the ceremony of the *Cran-tara*, which was of a similar nature, and, till very lately, used in the Highlands. — When the news of an enemy came to the residence of the chief, he immediately killed a goat with his own sword, dipped the end of an half burnt piece of wood in the blood, and gave it to one of his servants, to be carried to the next hamlet. From hamlet to hamlet this *tessera* was carried with the utmost expedition, and, in the space of a few hours, the whole clan were in arms, and convened in an appointed place; the name of which was the only word that accompanied the delivery of the *Cran-tara*. This symbol was the manifesto of the chief, by which he threatened fire and sword to those of his clan, that did not immediately appear at his standard.

In his hall lies Cathmol of Clutha, by the winding of his own dark streams. Duth-carmor saw white-bosomed Lánul *), and pierced her father's side. In the rushy desert were my steps. He fled in the season of night. Give thine aid to Cathlin to revenge his father. ——— I sought thee not as a beam, in a land of clouds. Thou, like that sun, art known, king of echoing Selma.

Selma's king looked around. In his presence, we rose in arms. But who should lift the shield? for all had claimed the war. The night came down; we strode, in silence; each to his hill of ghosts: that spirits might descend, in our dreams, to mark us for the field.

We struck the shield of the dead, and raised the hum of songs. We thrice called the ghosts of our fathers.

*) Lánul, *full-eyed*, a surname which, according to tradition, was bestowed on the daughter of Cathmol, on account of her beauty; this tradition, however, may have been founded on that partiality, which the bards have shewn to Cathlin of Clutha; for according to them, no falsehood could dwell in the soul of the lovely.

thers. We laid us down in dreams. ——— Trenmor came, before mine eyes, the tall form of other years. His blue hosts were behind him in half-distinguished rows. Scarce seen is their strife in mist, or their stretching forward to deaths. I listened; but no sound was there. The forms were empty wind.

I started from the dream of ghosts. On a sudden blast flew my whistling hair. Low-sounding, in the oak, is the departure of the dead. I took my shield from its bough. Onward came the rattling of steel. It was Oscar *) of Lego. He had seen his fathers.

As rushes forth the blast, on the bosom of whitening waves; so careless shall my course be, thro' ocean, to the dwelling of foes. I have seen the dead, my father. My beating soul is high. My fame is bright
before

*) Oscar is here called *Oscar of Lego*, from his mother being the daughter of Branno, a powerful chief, on the banks of that lake. It is remarkable that Ossian addresses no poem to Malvina, in which her lover Oscar was not one of the principal actors. His attention to her, after the death of his son, shews that delicacy of sentiment is not confined, as some fondly imagine, to our own polished times.

before me, like the streak of light on a cloud, when
the broad sun comes forth, red traveller of the sky.

Grandson of Branno, I said; not Oscar alone shall
meet the foe. I rush forward, thro' ocean, to the
woody dwelling of heroes. Let us contend, my son,
like eagles, from one rock; when they lift their broad
wings, against the stream of winds. — We raised our
sails in Carmona. From three ships, they marked my
shield on the wave, as I looked on nightly Tonthe-
na*), red wanderer between the clouds. — Four days
came the breeze abroad. Lumon came forward in
mist. In winds were its hundred groves. Sun-beams
marked, at times, its brown side. White, leapt the
foamy streams from all its echoing rocks.

A green

*) Ton-thena, *fire of the wave*, was that remarkable
star, which as has been mentioned in the seventh
book of Temora, directed the course of Larthon to
Ireland. It seems to have been well known to
those, who sailed on that sea, which divides Ire-
land from South-Britain. As the course of Ossian
was along the coast of Inis-huna, he mentions with
propriety, that star which directed the voyage of
the colony from that country to Ireland.

96 CATHLIN OF CLUTHA:

A green field, in the bosom of hills, winds silent with its own blue-stream. Here, midst the waving of oaks, were the dwellings of kings of old. But silence, for many dark-brown years, had settled in grassy Rath-col *), for the race of heroes had failed, along the pleasant vale. — Duth-carmor was here, with his people, dark rider of the wave. Ton-thena had hid her head in the sky. He bound his white-bosomed sails. His course is on the hills of Rath-col, to the seats of roes.

We came. I sent the bard, with songs, to call the foe to fight. Duth-carmor heard him, with joy. The king's soul was a beam of fire; a beam of fire, marked with smok, rushing, varied, thro' the bosom of

*) Rath-col, *woody field*, does not appear to have been the residence of Duth-carmor: he seems rather to have been forced thither by a storm; at least I should think that to be the meaning of the poet, from his expression, that *Ton-thena had hid her head*, and that *he bound his white-bosomed sails*; which is as much as to say, that the weather was stormy, and that Duth-carmor put in to the bay of Rathcol for shelter.

of night. The deeds of Duth-carmor were dark,
tho' his arm was strong.

Night came, with the gathering of clouds. By
the beam of the oak we sat down. At a distance stood
Cathlin of Clutha. I saw the changing *) soul of the
stranger. As shadows fly over the field of grass, so
various is Cathlin's cheek. It was fair, within locks,
that rose on Rath-col's wind. I did not rush, amidst
his soul, with my words. I bade the song to rise.

Oscar

*) From this circumstance, succeeding bards feigned
that Cathlin, who is here in the disguise of a young
warrior, had fallen in love with Duth-carmor at a
feast, to which he had been invited by her father.
Her love was converted into detestation for him,
after he had murdered her father. But *as those rain-
bows of heaven are changeful*, say my authors, spea-
king of women, she felt the return of her former
passion, upon the approach of Duth-carmor's dan-
ger. — I myself, who think more favourably of
the sex, must attribute the agitation of Cathlin's
mind to her extream sensibility to the injuries done
her by Duth-carmor: and this opinion is favoured
by the sequel of the story.

98 CATHLIN OF CLUTHA:

Oscar of Lego, I said, be thine the secret hill*),
to night. Strike the shield, like Morven's kings. With
day, thou shalt lead in war. From my rock, I shall
see thee, Oscar, a dreadful form ascending in fight,
like the appearance of ghosts, amidst the storms they
raise. — Why should mine eyes return to the dim
times of old, ere yet the song had bursted forth, like
the sudden rising of winds. — But the years, that
are past, are marked with mighty deeds. As the
nightly

*) This passage alludes to the well known custom
among the ancient kings of Scotland, to retire from
their army on the night preceding a battle. —
The story which Ossian introduces in the next para-
graph, concerns the fall of the Druids, of which
I gave some account in the dissertation prefixed to
the preceding volume. It is said in many old poems,
that the Druids, in the extremity of their affairs,
had solicited and obtained aid from Scandinavia.
Among the auxiliaries there came many pretended
magicians: which circumstance Ossian alludes to,
in his description of the *son of Loda*. — Magic
and incantation could not, however, prevail: for
Trenmor, assisted by the valour of his son Trathal,
entirely broke the power of the Druids.

nightly rider of waves looks up to Ton-thena of beams: so let us turn our eyes to Trenmor, the father of kings.

Wide, in Caracha's echoing field, Carmal had poured his tribes. They were a dark ridge of waves; the grey-haired bards were like moving foam on their face. They kindled the strife around with their red-rolling eyes. — Nor alone were the dwellers of rocks; a son of Loda was there; a voice, in his own dark land, to call the ghosts from high. — On his hill, he had dwelt, in Lochlin, in the midst of a leafless grove, Five stones lifted, near, their heads. Loud-roared his rushing stream. He often raised his voice to winds, when meteors marked their nightly wings; when the dark-crufted moon was rolled behind her hill. Nor unheard of ghosts was he! — They came with the sound of eagle-wings. They turned battle, in fields, before the kings of men.

But, Trenmor, they turned not from battle; he drew forward the troubled war; in its dark skirt was Trathal, like a rising light. — It was dark; and Loda's son poured forth his signs, on night. — The feeble were not before thee, son of other lands!

*) Then rose the strife of kings, about the hill of night; but it was soft as two summer gales, shaking their light wings, on a lake. ——— Trenmor yielded to his son; for the fame of the king was heard. — Trathal came forth before his father, and the foes failed, in echoing Carácha. The years that are past, my son, are marked with mighty deeds **).



In clouds rose the eastern light. The foe came forth in arms. The strife is mixed at Rath-col, like the roar of streams. Behold the contending of kings! They meet beside the oak. In gleams of steel the dark forms are lost; such is the meeting of meteors, in a vale by night: red light is scattered round, and
men

*) Trenmor and Trathal. Ossian introduced this episode, as an example to his son, from ancient times.

**) Those who deliver down this poem in tradition, lament that there is a great part of it lost. In particular they regret the loss of an episode, which was here introduced, with the sequel of the story of Carmal and his Druids. Their attachment to it was founded on the descriptions of magical enchantments which it contained.

men foresee the storm. — Duth-carmor is low in blood. The son of Ossian overcame. Not harmless in battle was he, Malvina hand of harps!

Nor, in the field, are the steps of Cathlin. The stranger stood by a secret stream, where the foam of Rath-col skirted the mossy stones. Above, bends the branchy birch, and strews its leaves, on winds. The inverted spear of Cathlin touched, at times, the stream. — Oscar brought Duth-carmor's mail: his helmet with its eagle-wing. He placed them before the stranger, and his words were heard. — "The foes of thy father have failed. They are laid in the field of ghosts. Renown returns to Morven, like a rising wind. Why art thou dark, chief of Clutha? Is there cause for grief?"

Son of Ossian of harps, my soul is darkly sad. I behold the arms of Cathmol, which he raised in war. Take the mail of Cathlin, place it high in Selma's hall; that thou mayst remember the hapless in thy distant land.

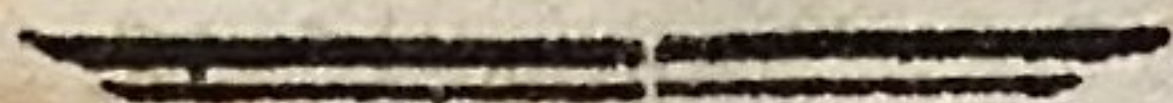
From white breast descended the mail. It was the race of kings; the soft-handed daughter of Cathmol, at the streams of Clutha. — Duth-carmor saw her

102 CATHLIN or CLUTHA: A POEM.

bright in the hall, he came, by night, to Clutha.
Cathmol met him, in battle, but the warrior fell.
Three days dwelt the foe, with the maid. On the
fourth she fled in arms. She remembered the race of
kings, and felt her bursting soul.

Why, maid of Toscar of Lutha, should I tell
how Cathlin failed? Her tomb is at rushy Lumon, in
a distant land. Near it were the steps of Sul-malla, in
the days of grief. She raised the song, for the daughter
of strangers, and touched the mournful harp.

Come, from the watching of night, Malvina,
lonely beam!



SUL-

SUL-MALLA

O F

LUMON:

A

P O E M.

2

A R G U M E N T.

This poem, which, properly speaking, is a continuation of the last, opens with an address to Sul-malla, the daughter of the king of Inis-huna; whom Ossian met, at the chace, as he returned from the battle of Rath-col. Sul-malla invites Ossian and Oscar to a feast, at the residence of her father, who was then absent in the wars. — — Upon hearing their name and family, she relates an expedition of Fingal into Inis-huna. She casually mentioning Cathmor, chief of Atha, (who then assisted her father against his enemies) Ossian introduces the episode of Culgorm and Surandronlo, two Scandinavian kings, in whose wars Ossian himself and Cathmor were engaged on opposite sides. — The story is imperfect, a part of the original being lost. — Ossian, warned, in a dream, by the ghost of Trenmor, sets sail from Inis-huna.



SUL-MALLA

OF

LUMON:

A POEM.

*) **W**ho moves so stately, on Lumon, at the
 roar of the foamy waters? Her hair falls
 upon her heaving breast. White is her arm behind,
 as slow she bends the bow. Why dost thou wander in
 desarts,

*) The expedition of Ossian to Inis-huna happened a
 short time before Fingal passed over into Ireland,
 to dethrone Cairbar the son of Borbar-duthul. Cath-
 mor, the brother of Cairbar, was aiding Connor, king
 of Inis-huna, in his wars, at the time that Ossian
 defeated Duth-carmor, in the valley of Rath-col.
 The poem is more interesting, that it contains so
 many particulars concerning those personages, who
 make so great a figure in Temora.

desarts, like a light thro' a cloudy field? The young
 roes are panting, by their secret rocks. ——— Return,
 thou daughter of kings; the cloudy night is near.

It was the young branch of Lumon, Sul-malla of
 blue eyes. She sent the bard from her rock, to bid
 us to her feast. Amidst the song we sat down, in Con-
 mor's echoing hall. White moved the hands of Sul-
 malla,

The exact correspondence in the manners and
 customs of Inis-huna, as here described, to those
 of Caledonia, leaves no room to doubt, that the
 inhabitants of both were originally the same people.
 Some may alledge, that Ossian might transfer, in
 his poetical descriptions, the manner of his own
 nation to foreigners. The objection is easily an-
 swered: for had Ossian used that freedom in this
 passage, there is no reason why he should paint
 the manners of the Scandinavians so different from
 those of the Caledonians. We find however, the
 former very different in their customs and super-
 stitions from the nations of Britain and Ireland.
 The Scandinavian manners are remarkably barba-
 rous and fierce, and seem to mark out a nation much
 less advanced in civil society, than the inhabitants
 of Britain were in the times of Ossian.

mallā, on the trembling strings. Half-heard, amidst the sound, was the name of Atha's king: he that was absent in battle for her own green land. — Nor absent from her soul was he; he came midst her thoughts by night: Ton-thena looked in, from the sky, and saw her tossing arms.

The sound of the shells had ceased. Amidst long locks, Sul-malla rose. She spoke with bended eyes, and asked of our course thro' seas, "for of the kings of men are ye, tall riders of the wave*)." —

Not

*) Sul-malla here discovers the quality of Ossian and Oscar, from their stature and stately gait. Among nations, not far advanced in civilization, a superior beauty and stateliness of person were inseparable from nobility of blood. It was from these qualities, that those of family were known by strangers, not from tawdry trappings of state injudiciously thrown round them. The cause of this distinguishing property, must, in some measure, be ascribed to their unmixed blood. They had no inducement to intermarry with the vulgar: and no low notions of interest made them deviate from their choice, in their own sphere. In states, where luxury has been
long

Not unknown, I said, at his streams is he, the father of our race. Fingal has been heard of at Cluba, blue-eyed daughter of kings. — Nor only, at Cona's stream, is Ossian and Oscar known. Foes trembled at our voice, and shrunk in other lands.

Not unmarked, said the maid, by Sul-malla, is the shield of Morven's king. It hangs high, in Conmor's hall, in memory of the past; when Fingal came to Cluba, in the days of other years. Loud, roared the boar of Culdarnu, in the midst of his rocks and woods. Inis-huna sent her youths, but they failed; and virgins wept over tombs. — Careless went the king to Culdarnu. On his spear rolled the strength of the woods. — He was bright, they said, in his locks,

long established, I am told, that beauty of person is, by no means, the characteristic of antiquity of family. This must be attributed to those enervating vices, which are inseparable from luxury and wealth. A great family, (to alter a little the words of the historian) it is true, like a river, becomes considerable from the length of its course, but, as it rolls on, hereditary distempers, as well as property, flow successively into it.

locks, the first of mortal men. — Nor at the feast were heard his words. His deeds passed from his soul of fire, like the rolling of vapours from the face of the wandering sun. — Not careless looked the blue eyes of Cluba on his stately steps. In white bosoms rose the king of Selma, in midst of their thoughts by night. But the winds bore the stranger to the echoing vales of his roes. — Nor lost to other lands was he, like a meteor that sinks in a cloud. He came forth, at times, in his brightness, to the distant dwelling of foes. His fame came, like the sound of winds, to Cluba's woody vale *).

Dark.

*) Too partial to our own times, we are ready to mark out remote antiquity, as the region of ignorance and barbarism. This, perhaps, is extending our prejudices too far. It has been long remarked, that knowledge, in a great measure, is founded on a free intercourse between mankind; and that the mind is enlarged in proportion to the observations it has made upon the manners of different men and nations. — If we look, with attention, into the history of Fingal, as delivered by Ossian, we shall find that he was not altogether a poor ignorant hunter,

Darkness dwells in Cluba of harps: the race of kings is distant far; in battle is Conmor of spears; and Lormar *) king of streams. Nor darkening alone are they; a beam, from other lands, is nigh: the

ter, confined to the narrow corner of an island. His expeditions to all parts of Scandinavia, to the north of Germany, and the different states of Great Britain and Ireland, were very numerous, and performed under such a character, and at such times, as gave him an opportunity to mark the undisguised manners of mankind. — War and an active life, as they call forth, by turns, all the powers of the soul, present to us the different characters of men: in times of peace and quiet, for want of objects to exert them the powers of the mind lie concealed, in a great measure, and we see only artificial passions and manners. — It is from this consideration I conclude, that a traveller of penetration could gather more genuine knowledge from a tour of ancient Gaul, than from the minutest observation of all the artificial manners, and elegant refinements of modern France.

*) Lormar was the son of Conmor, and the brother of Sul-malla. After the death of Conmor, Lormar succeeded him in the throne.

the friend *) of strangers in Atha, the troubler of the field. High, from their misty hills, look forth the blue eyes of Erin, for he is far away, young dweller of their souls. — Nor, harmless, white hands of Erin! is he in the skirts of war; he rolls ten thousand before him, in his distant field.

Not unseen by Ossian, I said, rushed Cathmor from his streams, when he poured his strength on I-thorno **), isle of many waves. In strife met two
kings

*) Cathmor, the son of Borbar-duthul. It would appear, from the partiality with which Sul-malla speaks of that hero, that she had seen him, previous to his joining her father's army; tho' tradition positively asserts, that it was, after his return, that she fell in love with him.

**) I thorno, says tradition, was an island of Scandinavia. In it, at a hunting party, met Culgorm and Suran-dionlo, the kings of two neighbouring isles. They differed about the honour of killing a boar; and a war was kindled between them. — From this episode we may learn, that the manners of the Scandinavians were much more savage and cruel, than those of Britain. — It is remarkable, that
the

kings in I-thorno, Culgorm and Suran-drónlo: each from his echoing isle, stern hunters of the boar!

They met a boar, at a foamy stream: each pierced it with his steel. They strove for the fame of the deed: and gloomy battle rose. From isle to isle they sent a spear, broken and stained with blood, to call the friends of their fathers, in their sounding arms. Cathmor came, from Bolga, to Culgorm, red-eyed king: I aided Suran-dronlo, in his land of boars.

We rushed on either side of a stream, which roared thro' a blasted heath. High broken rocks were round, with all their bending trees. Near are two circles of Loda, with the stone of power; where spirits descended, by night, in dark-red streams of fire. — There, mixed with the murmur of waters, rose the voice of aged men, they called the forms of night, to aid them in their war.

*) Heedless I stood, with my people, where fell the foamy stream from rocks. The moon moved red from

the names, introduced in this story, are not of Galic original, which circumstance affords room to suppose, that it had its foundation in true history.

*) From the circumstance of Ossian not being present at

from the mountain. My song, at times, arose. Dark
on the other side, young Cathmor heard my voice;
for he lay, beneath the oak, in all his gleaming arms.
—— Morning came; we rushed to fight: from
wing to wing in the rolling of strife. They fell, like
the thistle head, beneath autumnal winds.

In armour came a stately form: I mixed my strokes
with the king. By turns our shields are pierced:
loud rousing our steely mails. His helmet fell to the
ground. In brightness shone the foe. His eyes, two
pleasant flames, rolled between his wandering locks.
—— I knew the king of Atha, and threw my spear on
earth. — Dark, we turned, and silent passed to mix
with other foes.

Not

at the rites, described in the preceding paragraph,
we may suppose that he held them in contempt.
This difference of sentiment, with regard to reli-
gion, is a sort of argument, that the Caledonians
were not originally a colony of Scandinavians, as
some have imagined. Concerning so remote a pe-
riod, mere conjecture must supply the place of ar-
gument and positive proofs.

H

Not so passed the striving kings *). They mixed in echoing fray; like the meeting of ghosts, in the dark wing of winds. Thro' either breast rushed the spears; nor yet lay the foes on earth. A rock received their fall; and half-reclined they lay in death. Each held the lock of his foe; and grimly seemed to roll his eyes. The stream of the rock leapt on their shields, and mixed below with blood.

The battle ceased in I-thorno. The strangers met in peace: Cathmor from Atha of streams, and Ossian, king of harps. We placed the dead in earth. Our steps were by Rúnar's bay. With the bounding boat, afar, advanced a ridgy wave. Dark was the rider of seas, but a beam of light was there, like the ray of the sun, in Stromlo's rolling smoak. It was the

*) Culgorm and Suran-dronlo. The combat of the kings and their attitude in death are highly picturesque, and expressive of that ferocity of manners, which distinguished the northern nations. — The wild melody of the versification of the original, is inimitably beautiful, and very different from the rest of the works of Ossian.

the daughter *) of Suran-dronlo, wild in brightned looks. Her eyes were wandering flames, amidst disorder.

*) Tradition has handed down the name of this princess. The bards call her Runo forlo, which has no other sort of title for being genuine, but its not being of Galic original; a distinction, which the bards had not the art to preserve, when they feigned names for foreigners. The highland senachies, who very often endeavoured to supply the deficiency, they thought they found in the tales of Ossian, have given us the continuation of the story of the daughter of Suran-dronlo. The catastrophe is so unnatural, and the circumstances of it so ridiculously pompous, that for the sake of the inventors, I shall conceal them.

The wildly beautiful appearance of Runo-forlo, made a deep impression on a chief, some ages ago, who was himself no contemptible poet. The story is romantic, but not incredible, if we make allowances for the lively imagination of a man of genius. Our chief sailing, in a storm, along one of the island of Orkney, saw a woman, in a boat, near the shore, whom he thought, as he expresses

H a

it

ordered locks. Forward is her white arm, with the spear; her high-heaving breast is seen, white as foamy waves that rise, by turns, amidst rocks. They are beautiful, but they are terrible, and mariners call the winds.

Come, ye dwellers of Loda! Carchar, pale in the midst of clouds! Sluthmor, that stridest in airy halls!

Corchtur,

it himself, *as beautiful as a sudden ray of the sun, on the dark-heaving deep.* The verses of Ossian, on the attitude of Runo-forlo, which was so similar to that of the woman in the boat, wrought so much on his fancy, that he fell desperately in love. — The winds, however, drove him from the coast, and, after a few days, he arrived at his residence in Scotland. — There his passion increased to such a degree, that two of his friends, fearing the consequence, sailed to the Orkneys, to carry to him the object of his desire. — Upon enquiry they soon found the nymph, and carried her to the enamoured chief, but mark his surprize, when, instead of a ray of the sun, he saw a skinny fisher-woman, more than middle aged, appearing before him. — Tradition here ends the story: but it may be easily supposed that the passion of the chief soon subsided.

II I

II II

II II

II II

Corchtur, terrible in winds! Receive, from his daughter's spear, the foes of Suran-dronlo.

No shadow, at his roaring streams; no mildly-looking form was he! When he took up his spear, the hawks shook their founding wings: for blood was poured around the steps of dark-eyed Suran-dronlo.

He lighted me, no harmless beam, to glitter on his streams. Like meteors, I was bright, but I blasted the foes of Suran-dronlo

* * * * *

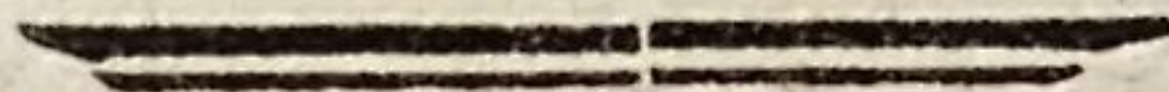
Nor unconcerned heard Sul-malla, the praise of Cathmor of shields. He was within her soul, like a fire in secret heath, which awakes at the voice of the blast, and sends its beam abroad. Amidst the song removed the daughter of kings, like the soft sound of a summer-breeze; when it lifts the heads of flowers, and curls the lakes and streams.

By night came a dream to Ossian; without form stood the shadow of Trenmor. He seemed to strike

118 SUL-MALLA OF LUMON: A POEM.

the dim shield, on Selma's streamy rock. I rose, in
my rattling steel; I knew that war was near. Before
the winds our sails were spread; when Lumon shewed
its streams to the morn.

Come, from the watching of night, Malvina,
lonely beam!



CATH-

CATH-LODA:

A

P O E M.

DUAN FIRST.

A R G U M E N T.

Fingal, in one of his voyages to the Orkney islands, was driven, by stress of weather, into a bay of Scandinavia, near the residence of Starno, king of Lochlin. Starno invites Fingal to a feast. Fingal, doubting the faith of the king, and mindful of his former breach of hospitality, [Fingal, b. 3.] refuses to go. — Starno gathers together his tribes: Fingal resolves to defend himself. — Night coming on, Duth-maruno proposes to Fingal, to observe the motions of the enemy. — The king himself undertakes the watch. Advancing towards the enemy, he, accidentally, comes to the cave of Turthor, where Starno had confined Conban-carglas, the captive daughter of a neighbouring chief. — Her story is imperfect, a part of the original being lost. — Fingal comes to a place of worship, where Starno and his son, Swaran, consulted the spirit of Loda, concerning the issue of the war. — The rencounter of Fingal and Swaran. — The *duän* concludes, with a description of the airy hall of Cruth-loda supposed to be the Odin of Scandinavia.

CATH-LODA:

A

P O E M.

DUAN*) FIRST.

A tale of the times of old! — Why, thou wanderer unseen, that bendeſt the thistle of Lora, — why, thou breeze of the valley, haſt thou left mine ear? I hear no diſtant roar of ſtreams, no
ſound

*) The bards diſtinguiſhed thoſe compositions, in which the narration is often interrupted, by episodes and apoſtrophes, by the name of *Duän*. Since the extinction of the order of the bards, it has been a general name for all ancient compositions in verſe. — The abrupt manner in which the ſtory of this poem begins, may render it obſcure to ſome readers; it may not therefore be improper, to give here the

found of the harp, from the rocks! Come, thou huntress of Lutha, send back his soul to the bard.

I look

traditional preface, which is generally prefixed to it. Two years after he took to wife Ros-crana, the daughter of Cormac, king of Ireland, Fingal undertook an expedition into Orkney, to visit his friend Cathulla, king of Inistore. After staying a few days at Carric-thura, the residence of Cathulla, the king set sail, to return to Scotland; but a violent storm arising, his ships were driven into a bay of Scandinavia, near Gormal, the seat of Starno, king of Lochlin, his avowed enemy. Starno, upon the appearance of strangers on his coast, summoned together the neighbouring tribes, and advanced, in a hostile manner, towards the bay of U-thorno, where Fingal had taken shelter. Upon discovering who the strangers were, and fearing the valour of Fingal, which he had, more than once, experienced before he resolved to accomplish by treachery, what he was afraid he should fail in by open force. He invited, therefore, Fingal to a feast, at which he intended to assassinate him. The king prudently declined to go, and Starno betook himself to arms. — The sequel of the story may be learned from the poem itself.

I look forward to Lochlin of lakes, to the dark, ridgy bay of U-thórno, where Fingal descended from ocean, from the roar of winds. Few are the heroes of Morven, in a land unknown! — Starno sent a dweller of Loda, to bid Fingal to the feast; but the king remembred the past, and all his rage arose.

Nor Gormal's mossy towers, nor Starno shall Fingal behold. Deaths wander, like shadows, over his fiery soul. Do I forget that beam of light, the white-handed daughter *) of kings? Go, son of Loda; his words are but blasts to Fingal: blasts, that, to and fro, roll the thistle, in autumnal vales.

Duth-maruno **), arm of death! Crommaglas, of iron shields! Struthmor, dweller of battle's wing!
Cormar,

*) Agandecca, the daughter of Starno, whom her father killed, on account of her discovering to Fingal, a plot laid against his life. Her story is related at large, in the third book of Fingal.

**) Duth-maruno is a name very famous in tradition. Many of his great actions are handed down, but the poems, which contained the detail of them, are long
since

Cormar, whose ships bound on seas, careless as the course of a meteor, on dark streaming clouds! Arise, around me, children of heroes, in a land unknown. Let each look on his shield, like Trenmor, the ruler of battles. "Come down, said the king, thou dweller between the harps. Thou shalt roll this stream away, or dwell with me in earth."

Around him they rose in wrath. — No words came forth: they seized their spears. Each soul is rolled into itself. — At length the sudden clang is waked

since lost. He lived, it is supposed, in that part of the north of Scotland, which is over against Orkney. Duth-maruno, Cromma-glas, Struthmor, and Cormar, are mentioned, as attending Comhal, in his last battle against the tribe of Morni, in a poem, which is still preserved. It is not the work of Ossian; the phraseology betrays it to be a modern composition. It is something like those trivial compositions, which the Irish bards forged, under the name of Ossian, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. — Duth-maruno signifies, *black and steady*; Cromma-glas, *bending and swarthy*; Struthmor, *roaring stream*; Cormar, *expert at sea*.

ked, on all their echoing shields. — Each took his hill, by night; at intervals, they darkly stood. Unequal bursts the hum of songs, between the roaring wind. — Broad over them rose the moon. — In his arms, came tall Duth-maruno; he from Croma-charn of rocks, stern hunter of the boar. In his dark boat he rose on waves, when Crumthormoth *) awaked its woods. In the chace he shone, among his foes: — No fear was thine, Duth-maruno.

Son of Comhal, he said, my steps shall be forward thro' night. From this shield I shall view them, over their gleaming tribes. Starno, of lakes, is before me, and Swaran, the foe of strangers. Their words are not in vain, by Loda's stone of power. — If Duth-maruno returns not, his spouse is lonely, at home, where meet two roaring streams, on Crathmo-raulo's plain. Around are hills, with their woods; the ocean is rolling near. My son looks on screaming sea-fowl, young wanderer of the field. Give the head

*) Crumthormoth, one of the Orkney or Shetland islands. The name is not of Galic original. It was subject to its own petty king, who is mentioned in one of Ossian's poems.

head of a boar to Can-dona *), tell him of his father's joy, when the bristly strength of I-thorno rolled on his lifted spear.

Not

*) Cean-daona, *head of the people*, the son of Duth-maruno. He became afterwards famous, in the expeditions of Ossian, after the death of Fingal. The traditional tales concerning him are very numerous, and, from the epithet, in them, bestowed on him (*Candona of boars*) it would appear, that he applied himself to that kind of hunting, which his father, in this paragraph, is so anxious to recommend to him. As I have mentioned the traditional tales of the Highlands, it may not be improper here, to give some account of them. After the expulsion of the bards, from the houses of the chiefs, they being an indolent race of men, owed all their subsistence to the generosity of the vulgar, whom they diverted with repeating the compositions of their predecessors, and running up the genealogies of their entertainers to the family of their chiefs. As this subject was, however, soon exhausted, they were obliged to have recourse to invention, and form stories having no foundation in fact which were false.

Not forgetting my fathers, said Fingal, I have
bounded over ridgy seas: theirs was the times of dan-
ger,

swallowed, with great credulity, by an ignorant
multitude. By frequent repeating, the fable grew
upon their hands, and, as each threw in whatever
circumstance he thought conducive to raise the ad-
miration of his hearers, the story became, at last,
so devoid of all probability, that even the vulgar
themselves did not believe it. They, however, liked
the tales so well, that the bards found their advan-
tage in turning professed tale-makers. They then
launched out into the wildest regions of fiction and
romance. I firmly believe, there are more stories
of giants, enchanted castles, dwarfs, and palfreys,
in the Highlands, than in any country in Europe.
These tales, it is certain, like other romantic com-
positions, have many things in them unnatural, and,
consequently, disgusting to true taste, but, I know
not how it happens, they command attention more
than any other fictions I ever met with. — The
extream length of these pieces is very surprising,
some of them requiring many days to repeat them,
but such hold they take of the memory, that few
circumstances are ever omitted by those who have
received

ger, in the days of old. Nor gathers darkness on me,
before foes, tho' I am young, in my locks. —
Chief of Crathmo-craulo, the field of night is mine.

He rushed, in all his arms, wide-bounding over
Turthor's stream, that sent its sullen roar, by night,
thro' Gormal's misty vale. — A moonbeam glittered
on a rock; in the midst, stood a stately form; a form
with floating locks, like Lochlin's white-bosomed
maids. — Unequal are her steps, and short: she
throws a broken song on wind. At times she tosses
her white arms: for grief is in her soul.

Torcul-torno *), of aged lock! where now are
thy steps, by Lulan? thou hast failed, at thine own
dark

received them only from oral tradition: What is
more amazing, the very language of the bards is
still preserved. It is curious to see, that the de-
scriptions of magnificence, introduced in these tales,
is even superior to all the pompous oriental fictions
of the kind.

* Tercul-torno, according to tradition, was king of
Crathlun, a district in Sweden. The river Lulan
ran near the residence of Torcul-torno. There is a
river

dark streams, father of Conban-carglas! ——— But
I behold thee, chief of Lulan, sporting by Loda's
hall, when the dark-skirted night is poured along
the sky.

Thou,

river in Sweden, still called Lula, which is proba-
bly the same with Lulan. The war between Starno
and Torcul-torno, which terminated in the death
of the latter, had its rise at a hunting party.
Starno being invited, in a friendly manner, by Tor-
cul-torno, both kings, with their followers, went
to the mountains of Stivamor, to hunt. A boar
rushed from the wood before the kings, and Torcul-
torno killed it. Starno thought this behaviour a
breach upon the privilege of guests, who were al-
ways *honoured*, as tradition expresses it, *with the*
danger of the chase. A quarrel arose, the kings ca-
me to battle, with all their attendants, and the par-
ty of Torcul-torno were totally defeated, and he
himself slain. Starno pursued his victory, laid waste
the district of Crathlun, and, coming to the resi-
dence of Torcul-torno, carried off, by force, Con-
ban-carglas, the beautiful daughter of his enemy.
Her he confined in a cave, near the palace of Gor-

I

mal,

Thou, sometimes, hidest the moon, with thy shield. I have seen her dim, in heaven. Thou kindest thy hair into meteors, and sailest along the night. — Why am I forgot in my cave, king of shaggy boars? Look from the hall of Loda, on lonely Conban-carglas.

“Who art thou, said Fingal, voice of night?”
 — She trembling, turned away. “Who art thou, in thy darkness?” — She shrunk into the cave. — The king loosed the thong from her hands; he asked about her fathers.

Torcul-torno, she said, once dwelt at Lulan’s foamy stream: he dwelt — but, now, in Loda’s hall, he shakes the sounding shell. He met Starno of

mal, where, on account of her cruel treatment, she became distracted.

The paragraph, just now before us, is the song of Conban-carglas, at the time she was discovered by Fingal. It is in lyric measure, and set to music, which is wild and simple, and so inimitably suited to the situation of the unhappy lady, that few can hear it without tears.

of Lochlin, in battle; long fought the dark-eyed kings.
My father fell, at length, blue-shielded Torcul-torno.

By a rock, at Lulan's stream, I had pierced the
bounding roe. My white hand gathered my hair, from
off the stream of winds. I heard a noise. Mine eyes
were up. My soft breast rose on high. My step
was forward, at Lulan, to meet thee, Torcul-torno.

It was Starno, dreadful king! — His red eyes
rolled on Conban-carglas. Dark waved his shaggy
brow, above his gathered smile. Where is my father,
I said, he that was mighty in war? Thou art left alone,
among foes, daughter of Torcul-torno!

He took my hand. He raised the sail. In this
cave he placed me dark. At times, he comes, a
gathered mist. He lifts before me, my father's shield.
Often passes a beam *) of youth, far-distant from my
cave. He dwells lonely in the soul of the daughter
of Torcul-torno.

Daughter

*) By *the beam of youth*, it afterwards appears, that
Conban-carglas means Swaran, the son of Starno,
with whom, during her confinement, she had fallen
in love.

Daughter of Lulan, said Fingal, white-handed
 Conban-carglas; a cloud, marked with streaks of fire,
 is rolled along the soul. Look not to that dark-
 robed moon; nor yet to those meteors of heaven;
 my gleaming steel is around thee, daughter of
 Torcul-torno.

It is not the steel of the feeble, nor of the dark
 in soul. The maids are not shut in our *) caves of
 streams; nor tossing their white arms alone. They bend,
 fair within their locks, above the harps of Selma, Their
 voice is not in the desert wild, young light of Tor-
 cul-torno.

* * * * *

Fingal,

*) From this contrast, which Fingal draws, between
 his own nation, and the inhabitants of Scandinavia,
 we may learn, that the former were much less bar-
 barous than the latter. This distinction is so much
 observed throughout the poems of Ossian, that there
 can be no doubt, that he followed the real manners
 of both nations in his own time. At the close of
 the speech of Fingal, there is a great part of the
 original lost.

Fingal, again, advanced his steps, wide thro' the bosom of night, to where the trees of Loda shook amidst squally winds. Three stones, with heads of moss, are there; a stream, with foaming course; and dreadful, rolled around them, is the dark-red cloud of Loda. From its top looked forward a ghost, half-formed of the shadowy smoak. He poured his voice, at times, amidst the roaring stream. — Near, bending beneath a blasted tree, two heroes received his words: Swaran of the lakes, and Starno foe of strangers. — On their dun shields, they darkly leaned: their spears are forward in night. Sh ill! sounds the blast of darkness, in Starno's floating beard.

They heard the tread of Fingal. The warriors rose in arms. “Swaran, lay that wanderer low, said Starno, in his pride. Take the shield of thy father; it is a rock in war.” — Swaran threw his gleaming spear: it stood fixed in Loda's tree. Then came the foes forward, with swords. They mixed their rattling steel. Thro' the thongs of Swaran's shield rushed the blade*) of

*) The sword of Fingal, so called from its maker, Luno of Lochlin.

of Luno. The shield fell rolling on earth. Cleft the helmet *) fell down. Fingal stopt the lifted steel. Wrathful stood Swaran, unarmed. He rolled his silent eyes, and threw his sword on earth. Then, slowly stalking over the stream, he whistled as he went.

Nor unseen of his father is Swaran. Starno turned away in wrath. His shaggy brows waved dark, above his gathered rage. He struck Loda's tree, with his spear; he raised the hum of songs. — They came to the host of Lochlin, each in his own dark path; like two foam-covered streams, from two rainy vales.

To Turthor's plain Fingal returned. Fair rose the beam of the east. It shone on the spoils of Lochlin in the hand of the king. From her cave came forth, in her beauty, the daughter of Torcul-torno. She gathered her hair from wind; and wildly raised her song. The song of Lulan of shells, where once her father dwelt.

She saw Starno's bloody shield. Gladness rose, a light, on her face. She saw the cleft helmet of Swa-

*) The helmet of Swaran. The behaviour of Fingal is always consistent with that generosity of spirit which belongs to a hero. He takes no advantage of a foe disarmed.

Swāran *); she shrunk, darkened, from the king. —

“Art thou fallen, by thy hundred streams, O love of
Conban-carglass!” —



U-thorno, that risest in waters; on whose side are
the meteors of night! I behold the dark moon descen-
ding behind thy echoing woods. On thy top dwells
the misty Loda, the house of the spirits of men. —
In the end of his cloudy hall bends forward Cruth-loda
of swords. His form is dimly seen, amidst his wavy
mist. His right-hand is on his shield: in his left is
the

- *) Conban-carglass, from seeing the helmet of Swaran
bloody in the hands of Fingal, conjectured, that
that hero was killed. — A part of the original is lost.
It appears, however, from the sequel of the poem,
that the daughter of Torcul-torno did not long sur-
vive her surprize, occasioned by the supposed death
of her lover. — The description of the airy hall of
Loda (which is supposed to be the same with that of
Odin, the deity of Scandinavia) is more picturesque
and descriptive, than any in the Edda, or other
works of the northern Scalders.

the half-viewless shell. The roof of his dreadful hall
is marked with nightly fires.

The race of Cruth-leda advance, a ridge of
formless shades. He reaches the sounding shell, to
those who shone in war; but, between him and the
feeble, his shield rises, a crust of darkness. He is
a setting meteor to the weak in arms. — Bright, as
a rainbow on streams, came white-armed Conban-
carglas. —



CATH-LODA:

A

P O E M.

DUAN SECOND.

A R G U M E N T.

Fingal returning, with day, devolves the command of the army on Duth-maruno, who engages the enemy, and drives them over the stream of Turthor. Fingal, after recalling his people, congratulates Duth-maruno on his success, but discovers, that that hero was mortally wounded in the engagement. — Duth-maruno dies. Ullin, the bard, in honour of the dead, introduces the episode of Colgorm and Strina-dona, with which the *dhân* concludes.

CATH-LODA:

A

P O E M.

DUAN SECOND.

Where art thou, son of the king, said dark-
haired Duth-maruno? Where hast thou failed,
young beam of Selma? — He returns not from
the bosom of night! Morning is spread on Uthorno,
in his mist is the sun, on his hill. — Warriors, lift
the shields, in my presence. He must not fall, like
a fire from heaven, whose place is not marked on the
ground. — He comes like an eagle, from the skirt
of his squally wind! In his hand are the spoils of foes.
— King of Selma, our souls were sad.

Near us are the foes, Duth maruno. They come
forward, like waves in mist, when their foamy tops
are seen, at times, above the low-sailing vapour. —

The

The traveller shrinks on his journey, and knows not
whither to fly. — No trembling travellers are we! —
Sons of heroes, call forth the steel. — Shall the sword
of Fingal arise, or shall a warrior lead?

*) The deeds of old, said Duth-maruno, are like
paths to our eyes, O Fingal. Broad-shielded Tren-
mor

*) In this short episode we have a very probable ac-
count given us, of the origin of monarchy in Ca-
ledonia. The *Caël*, or Gauls, who possessed the
countries to the north of the Firth of Edinburgh,
were, originally, a number of distinct tribes, or
clans, each subject to its own chief, who was free
and independent of any other power. When the
Romans invaded them, the common danger might,
perhaps, have induced those *reguli* to join together,
but, as they were unwilling to yield to the command
of one of their own number, their battles were ill-
conducted, and, consequently, unsuccessful. —
Trenmor was the first who represented to the chiefs,
the bad consequences of carrying on their wars in
this irregular manner, and advised, that they them-
selves should alternately lead in battle. They did
so, but they were unsuccessful. When it came to
Tren-

mor is still seen, amidst his own dim years. Nor feeble was the soul of the king. There, no dark deed wandered in secret, — From their hundred streams came the tribes, to grassy Colglan-crona. Their chiefs were before them. Each strove to lead the war. Their swords were often half-unheated. Red rolled their eyes of rage. Separate they stood, and hummed their surly songs. — “Why should they yield to each other? their fathers were equal in war.”

Trenmor

Trenmor's turn, he totally defeated the enemy, by his superior valour and conduct, which gained him such an interest among the tribes, that he, and his family after him, were regarded as kings; or, to use the poet's expression, *the words of power rushed forth from Selma of kings*. — The regal authority, however, except in time of war, was but inconsiderable; for every chief, within his own district, was absolute and independent. — From the scene of the battle in this episode (which was in the valley of Crona, a little to the north of Agricola's wall) I should suppose that the enemies of the Caledonians were the Romans, or provincial Britons.

Trenmor was there, with his people, stately in youthfoul locks. He saw the advancing foe. The grief of his soul arose. He bade the chiefs to lead, by turns: they led, but they were rolled away. — From his own mossy hill, blue-shielded Trenmor came down. He led wide-skirted battle, and the strangers failed. Around him the dark-browed warriors came: they struck the shield of joy. Like a pleasant gale, the words of power rushed forth from Selma of kings. But the chiefs led, by turns, in war, till mighty danger rose: then was the hour of the king to conquer in the field.

“Not unknown, said Cromma-glas *) of shields, are the deeds of our fathers. — But who shall now lead

*) In tradition, this Cromma-glas makes a great figure in that battle which Comhal lost, together with his life, to the tribe of Morni. I have just now, in my hands, an Irish composition, of a very modern date, as appears from the language, in which all the traditions, concerning that decisive engagement, are jumbled together. In justice to the merit of the poem, I should have here presented

lead the war, before the race of kings? Mist settles
on these four dark hills: within it let each warrior
strike

ted to the reader a translation of it, did not the bard mention some circumstances very ridiculous, and others altogether indecent. Morna, the wife of Comhal, had a principal hand in all the transactions previous to the defeat and death of her husband; she, to use the words of the bard, *who was the guiding star of the women of Erin*. The bard, it is to be hoped, misrepresented the ladies of his country, for Morna's behaviour was, according to him, so void of all decency and virtue, that it cannot be supposed, they had chosen her for their *guiding star*. — The poem consists of many stanzas. The language is figurative, and the numbers harmonious; but the piece is so full of anachronisms, and so unequal in its composition, that the author, most undoubtedly, was either mad, or drunk, when he wrote it. — It is worthy of being remarked, that Comhal is, in this poem, very often called, *Comhal na h' Aibin*, or *Comhal of Albion*, which sufficiently demonstrates, that the allegations of Keating and O Flaherty, concerning *Fion Mac-Cemhal*, are but of late invention.

strike his shield. Spirits may descend in darkness, and mark us for the war." — They went, each to his hill of mist. Bards marked the sounds of the shields. Loudest rung thy boss, Duth-maruno. Thou must lead in war.

Like the murmur of waters, the race of U-thorno came down. Starno led the battle, and Swaran of stormy isles. They looked forward from iron shields, like Cruth-loda fiery-eyed, when he looks from behind the darkened moon, and strews his signs on night.

The foes met by Turthor's stream. They heaved like ridgy waves. Their echoing strokes are mixed. Shadowy death flies over the hosts. They were clouds of hail, with squally winds in their skirts. Their showers are roaring together. Below them swells the dark-rolling deep.

Strife of gloomy U-thorno, why should I mark thy wounds? Thou art with the years that are gone; thou fadest on my soul. Starno brought forward his skirt of war, and Swaran his own dark wing. Nor a harmless fire is Duth'maruno's sword. — Lochlin is rolled over her streams. The wrathful kings are folded in thoughts. They roll their silent eyes, over
the

the flight of their land. — The horn of Fingal was heard: the sons of woody Albion returned. But many lay, by Turther's stream, silent in their blood.

Chief of Crom-charn, said the king, Duth-maruno, hunter of boars! not harmless returns my eagle, from the field of foes. For this white-bosomed Lanul shall brighten, at her streams; Candona shall rejoice, at rocky Crathmo-craulo.

Colgorm *), replied the chief, was the first of my race in Albion; Colgorm, the rider of ocean, thro' its watry vales. He slew his brother in I-thorno: he

*) The family of Duth-maruno, it appears, came originally from Scandinavia, or, at least, from some of the northern isles, subject in chief, to the kings of Lochlin. The Highland senachies, who never missed to make their comments on and additions to, the works of Ossian, have given us a long list of the ancestors of Duth-maruno, and a particular account of their actions, many of which are of the marvellous kind. One of the tale-makers of the north has chosen for his hero, Starnmor, the father of Duth-maruno, and, considering the adventu-

he left the land of his fathers. He chose his place, in silence, by rocky Crathmo-craulo. His race came forth, in their years; they came forth to war, but they always fell. The wound of my fathers is mine, king of echoing isles!

He drew an arrow from his side. He fell pale, in a land unknown. His soul came forth to his fathers, to their stormy isle. There they pursued boars of mist, along the skirts of winds. — The chiefs stood silent around, as the stones of Loda, on their hill. The traveller sees them, thro' the twilight, from his lonely path. He thinks them the ghosts of the aged, forming future wars,

Night came down, on U-thorno. Still stood the chiefs in their grief. The blast hissed, by turns, thro' every warrior's hair. — Fingal, at length, bursted forth from the thoughts of his soul. He called Ullin of harps, and bade the song to rise. — No falling fire, that is only seen, and then retires in night; no departing meteor was Crathmo-craulo's chief. He
was

res thro' which he has led him, the piece is neither disagreeable, nor abounding with that kind of fiction, which shocks credibility.

was like the strong-beaming sun, long rejoicing on his hill. Call the names of his fathers, from their dwellings old.

I-thorno *), said the bard, that risest midst ridgy seas! Why is thy head so gloomy, in the ocean's mist? From thy vales came forth a race, fearless as thy strong-winged eagles; the race of Colgorm of iron shields, dwellers of Loda's hall.

In

*) This episode is, in the original, extremely beautiful. It is set to that wild kind of music, which some of the Highlanders distinguish, by the title of *Fón Oi-marra*, or, the *Song of mermaids*. Some part of the air is absolutely infernal, but there are many returns in the measure, which are inexpressibly wild and beautiful. From the genius of the music, I should think it came originally from Scandinavia. for the fictions delivered down concerning the *Oi-marra*, (who are reputed the authors of the music) exactly correspond with the notions of the northern nations, concerning their *diræ*, or, *goddesses of death*. — Of all the names in this episode, there is none of a Galic original, except *Strina-dona*, which signifies, the *strife of heroes*.

In Tormoth's resounding isle, arose Lurthan,
streamy hill. It bent its woody head above a silent
vale. There, at foamy Cruruth's source, dwelt Rur-
mar, hunter of boars. His daughter was fair as a
sun-beam, white-bosomed Strinadona!

Many a king of heroes, and hero of iron shields;
many a youth of heavy locks came to Rurmar's echo-
ing hall. They came to woo the maid, the stately
huntress of Tormoth wild. — But thou lookest care-
less from thy steps, high-bosomed Strina-dona!

If on the heath she moved, her breast was whiter
than the down of Cana *); if on the seabeat shore,
than the foam of the rolling ocean. Her eyes were
two stars of light; her face was heaven's bow in sho-
wers; her dark hair flowed round it, like the stre-
aming

*) The *Cana* is a certain kind of grass, which grows
plentifully in the heathy morasses of the north.
Its stalk is of the reedy kind, and it carries a tuft
of down, very much resembling cotton. It is ex-
cessively white, and, consequently, often introdu-
ced by the bards, in their similes concerning the
beauty of women.

aming clouds. — Thou wert the dweller of souls,
white-handed Strina-dona !

Colgorm came, in his ship, and Corcul-suran,
king of shells. The brothers came, from I-thorno,
to woo the sun-beam of Tormoth's isle. She saw
them in their echoing steel. Her soul was fixed on
blue-eyed Colgorm. — Ul-lochlin's *) nightly eye
looked in, and saw the tossing arms of Strina-dona.

Wrathful the brothers frowned. Their flaming
eyes, in silence, met. They turned away. They struck
their shields. Their hands were trembling on their
swords. They rushed into the strife of heroes, for
long-haired Strina-dona.

Corcul-suran fell in blood. On his isle, raged
the strength of his father. He turned Colgorm, from
I-thorno, to wander on all the winds. — In Crathino-
craulo's rocky field, he dwelt, by a foreign stream.
Nor darkened the king alone, that beam of light
was

*) Ul-lochlin, the guide to Lochlin; the name of
a star.

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was near, the daughter of echoing Tormoth, white-armed Strina dona *).

*) The continuation of this episode is just now in my hands; but the language is so different from, and the ideas so unworthy of, Ossian, that I have rejected it, as an interpolation by a modern bard.



CATH-

CATH-LODA:

A

P O E M.

DUAN THIRD.

A R G U M E N T.

Ossian, after some general reflections, describes the situation of Fingal, and the position of the army of Lochlin. — The conversation of Starno and Swaran. — The episode of Cormar-trunar and Foinar-bragal. — Starno, from his own example, recommends to Swaran, to surprize Fingal, who had retired alone to a neighbouring hill. Upon Swaran's refusal, Starno undertakes the enterprize himself, is overcome, and taken prisoner, by Fingal. — He is dismissed, after a severe reprimand for his cruelty.

CATH-LODA:

A

P O E M.

DUAN THIRD.

Whence is the stream of years? Whither do they
 roll along? Where have they hid, in mist,
 their many-coloured fides? I look into the times of old,
 but they seem dim to Ossian's eyes, like reflected
 moon beams, on a distant lake. Here rise the red
 beams of war! — There, silent, dwells a feeble ra-
 ce! They mark no years with their deeds, as flow
 they pass along. — Dweller between the shields;
 thou that awakest the failing soul, descend from thy
 wall, harp of Cona, with thy voices three! Come
 with that which kindles the past: rear the forms of
 old, on their own dark-brown years!

*) Uthorno, hill of storms, I behold my race on thy side. Fingal is bending, in night, over Duth-maruno's tomb. Near him are the steps of his heroes, huntets

*) The bards, who were always ready to supply what they thought deficient in the poems of Ossian, have inserted a great many incidents between the second and third *duän* of Cath-loda. Their interpolations are so easily distinguished from the genuine remains of Ossian, that it took me very little time to mark them out, and totally to reject them. If the modern Scotch and Irish bards have shewn any judgment, it is in ascribing their own compositions to names of antiquity, for, by that means, they themselves have escaped that contempt, which the authors of such futile performances must, necessarily, have met with, from people of true taste — I was led into this observation, by an Irish poem, just now before me. It concerns a descent made by Swaran, king of Lochlin, on Ireland, and is the work, says the traditional preface prefixed to it, of *Ossian Mac-Fion*. It however appears, from several pious ejaculations, that it was rather the composition of some good priest, in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, for he speaks,

hunters of the boar. — By Turther's stream the host of Lochlin is deep in shades. The wrathful kings stood on two hills; they looked forward from their bossy shields. They looked forward on the stars of night, red-wandering in the west. Cruth-loda bends from high, like a formless meteor in clouds. He sends abroad the winds, and marks them, with his signs. Starno foresaw, that Morven's king was never to yield in war.

He

speaks, with great devotion, of pilgrimage, and more particularly, of the *blue-eye daughters of the convent*. Religious, however, as this poet was, he was not altogether decent, in the scenes he introduces between Swaran and the wife of *Congcullion*, both of whom he represents as giants. It happening unfortunately, that *Congcullion* was only of a moderate stature, his wife, without hesitation, preferred Swaran, as a more adequate match for her own gigantic size. From this fatal preference proceeded so much mischief, that the good poet altogether lost sight of his principal action, and he ends the piece, with an advice to men, in the choice of their wives, which, however good it may be, I shall leave concealed in the obscurity of the original.

He twice struck the tree in wrath. He rushed before his son. He hummed a surly song; and heard his hair in wind. Turned *) from one another, they stood, like two oaks, which different winds had bent; each hangs over its own loud rill, and shakes its boughs in the course of blasts.

Annir, said Starno of lakes, was a fire that consumed of old. He poured death from his eyes, along the striving fields. His joy was in the fall of men. Blood, to him, was a summer stream, that brings joy to withered vales, from its own mossy rock. — He came forth to the lake Luth-cormo, to meet the tall

*) The surly attitude of Starno and Swaran is well adapted to their fierce and uncomplying dispositions. Their characters, at first sight, seem little different; but, upon examination, we find, that the poet has dexterously distinguished between them. They were both dark, stubborn, haughty and reserved: but Starno was cunning, revengeful, and cruel, to the highest degree; the disposition of Swaran, though savage, was less bloody, and somewhat tinged with generosity. It is doing injustice to Ossian, to say, that he has not a great variety of characters.

tall Corman-trunar, he from Urlor of streams, dweller of battle's wing.

The chief of Urlor had come to Gormal, with his dark-bosomed ships; he saw the daughter of Annir, white-armed Foinar-bragal. He saw her: nor careless rolled her eyes, on the rider of stormy waves. She fled to his ship in darkness, like a moon-beam thro' a nightly vale. — Annir pursued along the deep; he called the winds of heaven. — Nor alone was the king; Starno was by his side. Like U-thorno's young eagle, I turned my eyes on my father.

We came to roaring Urlor. With his people came tall Corman-trunar. We fought; but the foe prevailed. In his wrath stood Annir of lakes. He lopped the young trees, with his sword. His eyes rolled red in his rage. I marked the soul of the king, and I retired in night. — From the field I took a broken helmet: a shield that was pierced with steel: pointless was the spear in my hand. I went to find the foe.

On a rock sat tall Corman-trunar, beside his burning oak; and near him, beneath a tree, sat deep-bosomed Foinar-bragal. I threw my broken shield before

fore her; and spoke the words of peace. — Beside his rolling sea, lies Annir of many lakes. The king was pierced in battle; and Starno is to raise his tomb. Me, a son of Loda, he sends to white-handed Foinarbragal, to bid her send a lock from her hair, to rest with her father, in earth. — And thou king of roaring Urlor, let the battle cease, till Annir receive the shell, from fiery-eyed Cruth-loda.

*) Bursting into tears, she rose, and tore a lock from her hair; a lock, which wandered, in the blast, along her heaving breast. — Corman-trunar gave the shell; and bade me to rejoice before him. — I rested in the shade of night; and hid my face in my helmet deep. — Sleep descended on the foe. I rose, like

*) Ossian is very partial to the fair sex. Even the daughter of the cruel Annir, the sister of the revengeful and bloody Starno, partakes not of those disagreeable characters so peculiar to her family. She is altogether tender and delicate. Homer, of all ancient poets, uses the sex with least ceremony. His cold contempt is even worse, than the downright abuse of the moderns; for to draw abuse implies the possession of some merit.

like a stalking ghost. I pierced the side of Corman-trunar. Nor did Foinar-bragal escape. She rolled her white bosom in blood. Why then, daughter of heroes, didst thou wake my rage? — Morning rose. The foe were fled, like the departure of mist. Annir struck his bossy shield. He called his dark-haired son. I came, streaked with wandering blood: thrice rose the shout of the king, like the bursting forth of a squall of wind, from a cloud, by night. — We rejoiced, three days, above the dead, and called the hawks of heaven. They came, from all their winds, to feast on Annir's foes. — Swaran! — Fingal is alone *), on his hill of night. Let thy spear pierce the king in secret; like Annir, my soul shall rejoice.

Son of Annir of Gormal, Swaran shall not slay
in shades. I move forth in light: the hawks rush
from

*) Fingal, according to the custom of the Caledonian kings, had retired to a hill alone, as he himself was to resume the command of the army the next day. Starno might have some intelligence of the king's retiring, which occasions his request to Swaran, to stab him; as he foresaw, by his art of divination, that he could not overcome him in open battle.

from all their winds. They are wont to trace my course : it is not harmless thro' war.

Burning rose the rage of the king. He thrice raised his gleaming spear. But starting, he spared his son ; and rushed into the night. — By Turthor's stream a cave is dark, the dwelling of Conban-carglas. There he laid the helmet of kings, and called the maid of Lulan, but she was distant far, in Loda's resounding hall.

Swelling in his rage, he strode, to where Fingal lay alone. The king was laid on his shield, on his own secret hill. — Stern hunter of shaggy boars, no feeble maid is laid before thee: no boy, on his ferny bed, by Turthor's murmuring stream. Here is spread the couch of the mighty, from which they rise to deeds of death. Hunter of shaggy boars awaken not the terrible.

Starno came murmuring on. Fingal arose in arms. " Who art thou, son of night ? " Silent he threw the spear. They mixed their gloomy strife. The shield of Starno fell, cleft in twain. He is bound to an oak. The early beam arose. — Then Fingal beheld

beheld the king of Gormal. He rolled a while his
silent eyes. He thought of other days, when white-
bosomed Agandecca moved like the music of songs. —
He loosed the thong from his hands. — Son of An-
nir, he said, retire. Retire to Gormal of shells:
a beam that was set returns. I remember thy white-
bosomed daughter; ——— dreadful king away! ———
Go to thy troubled dwelling, cloudy foe of the lovely!
Let the stranger shun thee, thou gloomy in the hall!

A tale of the times of old!

OINA-MORUL:

A

P O E M.

A R G U M E N T.

After an address to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, Ossian proceeds to relate his own expedition to Fuärfed, an island of Scandinavia. — Mal orchol, king of Fuärfed, being hard pressed in war, by Ton-thormod, chief of Sar-dronlo, (who had demanded, in vain, the daughter of Mal-orchol in marriage) Fingal sent Ossian to his aid. — Ossian, on the day after his arrival, came to battle with Ton-thormod, and took him prisoner. — Mal-orchol offers his daughter Oina-moruh to Ossian; but he, discovering her passion for Ton-thormod, generously surrenders her to her lover, and brings about a reconciliation between the two kings.

O INA-MORUL:

A

P O E M.

As flies the unconstant sun, over Larmon's grassy hill; so pass the tales of old, along my soul, by night. When bards are removed to their place; when harps are hung in Selma's hall; then comes a voice to Ossian, and awakes his soul. It is the voice of years that are gone: they roll before me, with all their deeds. I seize, the tales, as they pass, and pour them forth in song. Nor a troubled stream is the song of the king, it is like the rising of music from Lutha of the strings. — Lutha of many strings, not silent are streamy rocks, when the white hands of Malvina move upon the harp. — Light of the shadowy thoughts, that fly across my soul, daughter of Toscar of helmets, wilt thou not hear the song! We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away.

It was in the days of the king, *) while yet my locks were young, that I marked Con-cathlin**), on high, from ocean's nightly wave. My course was towards the isle of Fuärfed, woody dweller of seas. Fingal had sent me to the aid of Mal-orchol, king of Fuärfed,

*) Fingal.

**) Con-cathlin, *mild beam of the wave*. What star was so called of old is not easily ascertained. Some now distinguish the pole-star by that name. A song, which is still in repute, among the sea-faring part of the Highlanders, alludes to this passage of Ossian. The author commends the knowledge of Ossian in sea affairs, a merit, which, perhaps, few of us moderns will allow him, or any in the age in which he lived. — One thing is certain, that the Caledonians often made their way thro' the dangerous and tempestuous seas of Scandinavia; which is more, perhaps, than the more polished nations, subsisting in those times, dared to venture. — In estimating the degree of knowledge of arts among the antients, we ought not to bring it into comparison with the improvements of modern times. Our advantages over them proceed more from accident, than any merit of ours.

Fuärfed wild: for war was around him, and our fathers had met, at the feast.

In Col-coiled, I bound my sails, and sent my sword to Mal-orchol of shells. He knew the signal of Albion, and his joy arose. He came from his own high hall, and seized my hand in grief. "Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king? Ton-thormod of many spears is the chief of wavy Sar-dronlo. He saw and loved my daughter, white bosomed Oina-móru. He sought; I denied the maid; for our fathers had been foes. — He came, with battle, to Fuärfed. My people are rolled away. — Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king?"

I come not, I said, to look, like a boy, on the strife. Fingal remembers Mal-orchol, and his hall for strangers. From his waves, the warrior descended, on thy woody isle. Thou wert no cloud before him. Thy feast was spread with songs. For this my sword shall rise; and thy foes perhaps may fail. — Our friends are not forgot in their danger, tho' distant is our land.

Son of the daring Trenmor, thy words are like the voice of Cruth-lada, when he speaks, from his

parting cloud, strong dweller of the sky! Many have rejoiced at my feast; but they all have forgot Mal-orchol. I have looked towards all the winds, but no white sails were seen. — But steel *) resounds in my hall; and
not

*) There is a severe satire couched in this expression, against the guests of Mal-orchol. Had his feast been still spread, had joy continued in his hall, his former parasites would not have failed to resort to him. But as the time of festivity was past, their attendance also ceased. The sentiments of a certain old bard are agreeable to this observation. He, poetically, compares a great man to a fire kindled in a desert place. "Those that pay court to him, says he, are rolling large around him, like the smoke about the fire, This smoke gives the fire a great appearance at a distance, but it is but an empty vapour itself, and varying its form at every breeze. When the trunk, which sep the fire, is consumed, the smoke departs on all the winds. So the flatterers forsake their chief, when his power declines." I have chosen to give a paraphrase, rather than a translation, of this passage, as the original is verbose and forthy, notwithstanding of the sentimental merit of the author. — He was one of the less antient
bards,

not the joyful shells. — Come to my dwelling, race of heroes; dark-skirted night is near. Hear the voice of songs, from the maid of Fuärfed wild.

We went. On the harp arose the white hands of Oina morul. She waked her own sad tale, from every trembling string. I stood in silence; for bright in her locks was the daughter of many isles. Her eyes were like two stars, looking forward thro' a rushing shower. The mariner marks them on high, and blesses the lovely beams. — With morning we rushed to battle, to Tormul's resounding stream: the foe moved to the sound of Ton-thormod's bossy shield. From wing to wing the strife was mixed. I met the chief of Sar-dronlo. Wide flew his broken steel. I seized the king in fight. I gave his hand, bound fast with thongs, to Mal-orchol, the giver of shells. Joy rose at the feast of Fuärfed, for the foe had failed. — Ton-thormod turned his face away, from Oina-morul of isles.

Son of Fingal, begun Mal-orchol, not forgot shalt thou pass from me. A light shall dwell in thy

bards, and their compositions are not nervous enough to hear a literal translation.

thy ship. Oina-morul of slow-rolling eyes. She shall kindle gladness, along thy mighty soul. Nor unheeded shall the maid move in Selma, thro' the dwelling of kings.

In the hall I lay in night. Mine eyes were half-closed in sleep. Soft music came to mine ear: it was like the rising breeze, that whirls, at first, the thistle's beard; then flies, dark-shadowy, over the grass. It was the maid of Fuarfed wild: she raised the nightly song; for she knew that my soul was a stream, that flowed at pleasant sounds.

Who looks, she said, from his rock, on ocean's closing mist? His long locks, like the raven's wing, are wandering on the blast. Stately are his steps in grief. The tears are in his eyes. His manly breast is heaving over his bursting soul. — Retire, I am distant far; a wanderer in lands unknown. Tho' the race of kings are around me, yet my soul is dark. — Why have our fathers been foes, Ton-thormod love of maids!

Soft voice of the streamy isle, why dost thou mourn by night; the race of daring Trenmor are not the dark in soul. Thou shalt not wander, by streams
unknown

unknown, blue-eyed Oina-morul. — Within this bosom is a voice; it comes not to other ears: it bids Ossian hear the hapless, in their hour of woe. —
Retire, soft singer by night; Ton-thormod shall not mourn on his rock.

With morning I loosed the king. I gave the long-haired maid. Mal-orchol heard my words, in the midst of his echoing halls. — “King of Fuärfed wild, why should Ton-thormod mourn? He is of the race of heroes, and a flame in war. Your fathers have been foes, but now their dim ghosts rejoice in death. They stretch their arms of mist to the same shell in Loda. Forget their rage, ye warriors, it was the cloud of other years.” —

Such were the deeds of Ossian, while yet his locks were young: tho’ loveliness, with a robe of beams, clothed the daughter of many isles. — We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away!

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COLNA-DONA:

A

P O E M.

A R G U M E N T.

Fingal dispatches Ossian and Toscar to raise a stone, on the banks of the stream of Crona, to perpetuate the memory of a victory, which he had obtained in that place. When they were employed in that work, Car-ul, a neighbouring chief, invited them to a feast. — They went: and Toscar fell desperately in love with Colna-dona, the daughter of Car-ul. Colna-dona became no less enamoured of Toscar. An incident, at a hunting-party, brings their loves to a happy issue.

COLNA-DONA:

A

P O E M.

*) **C**ol-amon of troubled streams, dark wanderer
of distant vales, I behold thy course, bet-
ween trees, near Car-ul's echoing halls. There dwelt
bright

*) Colna-dona signifies *the love of heroes*. Col-amon,
narrow river. Car-ul, *dark-eyed*. Col-amon, the
residence of Car-ul, was in the neighbourhood of
Agricola's wall, towards the south. Car-ul seems
to have been of the race of those Britons, who are
distinguished by the name of Maiatæ, by the writers
of Rome. Maiatæ is derived from two Galic words,
Moi, *a plain*, and AITICH, *inhabitants*; so that the
signification of Maiatæ is, *the inhabitants of the plain
country*; a name given to the Britons, who were
settled in the Low-lands, in contradistinction to the
Caledonians, (i. e. CAEL-DON, *the Gauls of the hills*)
who

bright Colna-dona, the daughter of the king. Her eyes were rolling stars; her arms were white as the foam of streams. Her breast rose slowly to fight, like ocean's heaving wave. Her soul was a stream of light. — Who, among the maids, was like the love of heroes?

Beneath the voice of the king, we moved to Crona *) of the streams, Toscar of grassy Lutha, and Offian,

who were possessed of the more mountainous division of North-Britain.

*) Crona, *murmuring*, was the name of a small stream, which discharged itself in the river Carron. It is often mentioned by Offian, and the scenes of many of his poems are on its banks. — The enemies, whom Fingal defeated here are not mentioned. They were, probably, the provincial Britons. That tract of country between the Firths of Forth and Clyde has been, thro' all antiquity, famous for battles and rencounters, between the different nations, who were possessed of North and South Britain. Stirling, a town situated there, derives its name from that very circumstance. It is a corruption of the Galic name, STRILA, i.e. *the hill, or rock, of contention*.

Ossian, young in fields. Three bards attended with songs. Three bossy shields were born before us: for we were to rear the stone, in memory of the past. By Crona's mossy course, Fingal had scattered his foes: he had rolled away the strangers, like a troubled sea. We came to the place of renown: from the mountains descended night. I tore an oak from its hill, and raised a flame on high. I bade my fathers to look down, from the clouds of their hall; for, at the fame of their race, they brighten in the wind.

I took a stone from the stream, amidst the song of bards. The blood of Fingal's foes hung curdled in its ooze. Beneath, I placed, at intervals, three bosses from the shields of foes, as rose or fell the sound of Ullin's nightly song. Toscar laid a dagger in earth, a mail of sounding steel. We raised the mould around the stone; and bade it speak to other years.

Oozy daughter of streams, that now art reared on high, speak to the feeble, O stone, after Selma's race have failed! — Prone, from the stormy night, the traveller shall lay him, by thy side: thy whistling moss shall sound in his dreams; the years that

M

were

were past shall return. — Battles rise before him, blue-shielded kings descend to war: the darkened moon looks from heaven, on the troubled field. — He shall burst, with morning, from dreams, and see the tombs of warriors round. He shall ask about the stone, and the aged will reply, “ This grey stone was raised by Ossian, a chief of other years ! ”

*) From Cal-amon came a bard, from Car-ul, the friend of strangers. He bade us to the feast of kings,

•) The manners of the Britons and Caledonians were so similar, in the days of Ossian, that there can be no doubt, that they were originally the same people, and descended from those Gauls who first possessed themselves of South-Britain, and gradually migrated. This hypothesis is more rational than the idle fables of ill-informed senachies, who bring the Caledonians from distant countries. The bare opinion of Tacitus, (which, by-thebye, was only founded on a similarity of the personal figure of the Caledonians to the Germans of his own time) tho’ it has staggered some learned men, is not sufficient to make us believe, that the antient inhabitants of North-Britain

kings, to the dwelling of bright Colna-dona. We went to the hall of harps. There Car-*ul* brightened between his aged locks, when he beheld the sons of his friends, like two young trees with their leaves.

Sons of the mighty, he said, ye bring back the days of old, when first I descended from waves, on Selma's streamy vale. I pursued Duth-mocarglos, dweller of ocean's wind. Our fathers had been foes, we met by Clutha's winding waters. He fled, along the sea, and my sails were spread behind him. — Night deceived me, on the deep. I came to the dwelling of kings, to Selma of high-bosomed maids. — Fingal came forth with his bards, and Conloch, arm of death. I feasted three days in the hall, and saw the blue-eyes of Erin, Ros-crana, daughter of heroes, light of Cormac's race. — Nor forgot did my steps depart:

tain were a German colony. A discussion of a point like this might be curious, but could never be satisfactory. Periods so distant are so involved in obscurity, that nothing certain can be now advanced concerning them. The light which the Roman writers hold forth is too feeble to guide us to the truth, thro' the darkness which has surrounded it.

depart: the kings gave their shields to Car-ul: they hang, on high, in Col-amon, in memory of the past. — Sons of the daring kings, ye bring back the days of old.

Car-ul placed the oak of feasts. He took two bosses from our shields. He laid them in earth, beneath a stone, to speak to the hero's race. "When battle, said the king, shall roar, and our sons are to meet in wrath; my race shall look, perhaps, on this stone, when they prepare the spear. — Have not our fathers met in peace, they will say, and lay aside the shield?"

Night came down. In her long locks moved the daughter of Car-ul. Mixed with the harp arose the voice of white-armed Colna-dona. — Toscar darkened in his place, before the love of heroes. She came on his troubled soul, like a beam to the dark-heaving ocean: when it bursts from a cloud, and brightens the foamy side of a wave *).



With

*) Here an episode is intirely lost; or, at least, is handed down so imperfectly, that it does not deserve a place in the poem.

With morning we awaked the woods; and hung forward on the path of the roes. They fell by their wonted streams. We returned thro' Crona's vale. From the wood a youth came forward, with a shield and pointless spear. "Whence, said Toscar of Lutha, is the flying beam? Dwells there peace at Col-amon, round bright Colna-dona of harps?"

By Col-amon of streams, said the youth, bright Colna-dona dwelt. She dwelt; but her course is now in desarts, with the son of the king; he that seized her soul as it wandered thro' the hall.

Stranger of tales, said Toscar, hast thou marked the warrior's course? He must fall, — give thou that bossy shield! — In wrath he took the shield. Fair behind it heaved the breasts of a maid, white as the bosom of a swan, rising on swift-rolling waves. It was Colna-dona of harps, the daughter of the king. — Her blue eyes had rolled on Toscar, and her love arose.

A
SPECIMEN
OF THE
ORIGINAL
OF
TEMORA.

BOOK SEVENTH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is thought proper to give a specimen of the original Galic, for the satisfaction of those who doubt the authenticity of Ossian's poems. The seventh book of TEMORA is fixed on, for that purpose, not from any other superior merit, than the variety of its versification. To print any part of the former collection was unnecessary, as a copy of the originals lay, for many months, in the bookseller's hands, for the inspection of the curious. Tho' the erroneous orthography of the bards is departed from, in many instances, in the following specimen, yet several quiescent consonants are retained, to shew the derivation of the words. This circumstance may give an uncouth appearance to the language, in the eyes of those who are strangers to its harmony. They ought, however, to consider, that a language is put to the severest test, when it is stripped of its own proper characters; especially, when the power of *one* of them requires, sometimes, a combination of two or three Roman letters to express it.

A
SPECIMEN
OF THE
ORIGINAL
OF
TEMORA.

BOOK SEVENTH.

O Linna doir-choille na *Leigo*,
Air uair, eri' ceo taobh-ghórm nan tón;
Nuair dhunas dorfa na h'oicha
Air iulluir-shuil greina nan speur.
Tomhail, mo *Lara* nan fruth,
Thaomas du'-nial, as doricha cruaim:
Mar ghlas-scia', roi taoma nan nial,
Snamh seachad, ta Gellach na h'oicha.
Le so edi' taisin o-shean
An dlu'-ghleus, a measc na gaoith,

'S iad leannach, o osna gu osna,
 Air du'-aghai' oicha nan fian.
 An taobh oitaig, gu palin nan seoid,
 Taomas iad ceach nan speur,
 Gorm-thalla do thannais nach béo,
 Gu ám eri' fón marbh-rán nan teud.

Ta torman, a machair nan crán
 Se Conar ri *Erin* at' àn,
 A taoma' ceo-tanais gu dlu'
 Air *Faolan* aig *Lubhair* nan fru'
 Muladach, suigha fo bhrón,
 Dh'aom an tais an ceach an loin.
 Thaom osna, eslin an fein,
 Ach phil an cruth aluin, gu diän
 Phil é le chrom-shealla mál
 Le cheo-leatain, mar shuibhal nan fian.

'S doilleir fo!

Ata na floigh na nfuain, san ám,
 An truscan cear na h'oicha:
 Dh' illich teina an ri, gu ard,
 Dh' aom é na aonar, air scia'.
 Thuit codal, mo shuillin a ghaifeich,
 Thanic guth *Fhaolan*, na chluais.

An codal so, don' fhear-phofda aig *Clatho*?
 Am bail coní do m'athair, an fuain?
 Am bail cuina, 's mi 'ntruscan nan nial?
 'S mi m' aonar an ám na h'oicha?

Cur son ta ú, a m' aslin fein?
 Thubhart *Fion-ghael*, 's é'g eri grad.
 An dith-chuin, d'omse, mo mhac,
 Na fhiubhal teina air Rethlan nan laoich?
 Ni marfin, air anam an ri,
 Thig gníomh seoid aluin na ncruai'-bheum.
 Ni ndeallan iadse, a theichas an dubhra
 Na h'oicha, 'snach fhág a lorg.
 'S cuina liom *Faolan* na shuain:
 'Ta m'anam aig eri' borb.

Ghluais an ri, le fleagh, gu grad,
 Bhuaíl e nscia' as fuaimnach cop,
 An scia' a dh' aom sa n'oicha ard,
 Bal'moígla' do chách nan lóir.
 Air aomagh du' nan sliabh,
 Air gaoith, theich treud nan tais:
 O ghleanan cear nan ioma lúp,
 'Mhosguil guth a bhais.

Bhuaíl

Bhuail é'n scia, an darra cuairt,
 Ghluais coga, an aslin an t'shluaigh:
 Bhith comh-fri nan làn glas —
 A dcalra' air anam nan seoid,
 Cìean-fheona a truita' gu cath,
 Slua' a teicha, — gniomh bu chruai,
 Leth-ohuilleir, an deallan na stalin.

Nuair dh' erich, an darra fuaim,
 Leum feigh, o chós nan càrn
 Chluinte a sèrerdan scé', sa n' fhasich —
 Gach Ean, air osna fein,
 Leth-erich siol *Albin* nam buaigh
 Thog iad suas gack fleagh, bu ghlas:
 Ach phíl sàchir, air an l' shluaigh,
 Se bh' an scia' *Mhorbhein* na mfras.
 Phíl codal, air suilin na mfear:
 Bu dorch, tróm a nglean.

Ni mo chodal, diutse é, sa nuair,
 Nion shuil-ghórm *Chonmor* na mbuaigh, —
 Cuala *Suil mballa* an fhuaim
 Dh' erich i, sa n' oicha, le cruaim:
 Ta ceum gu ri *Atha* na ncolg:

Ni mosguil cunart anam borb,
 Tróm a fhési, ——— a fuilin síos.
 Ta 'nspeur a losga nan reul.

Chualas lé sciath na ncòp.
 Ghluais; — ghrad fhés an Oi: —
 Dh' erich a gu' — ach dh' aom é síos. —
 Chuinic is é, na stalin chruai,
 A dealra ri losga nan reul:
 Chuinic is é, na leatan tróm.
 Aig eri ri osna nan speur,
 Thionta i ceamna, le fiamh,
 Curson dhuiscimse Ri *Erin* na m *Bólg*
 Ni n' aslin do chodal u-fein,
 A nion *Inis-uina* na ncólg.

Gu garg a mhosgul an torman;
 On' oi thuit a cean-bhért síos:
 Ta mforum, air carric nan sruth.
 Plaosga, o aslin na h'oicha,
 Ghluais *Cathmor* fa' chrán fein.
 Chuinic é n' Oi bu tla,
 Air carric *Lubhair* nan sliabh:
 Dearg reul, a sealla síos, —
 Measc siubhal a tróm chíabh.

Cia 'ta roi Oicha gu *Cathmor*
 An cear-amfair aclin fein?
 Am bail fios duit, air fri na ncruai-bheum?
 Cia ussa, mhic dubhra nan speur?
 Na shés u, am fion as an Ri,
 Do chaol-thannais, on n' am o-shean:
 Na nguth u, o neoil nam fras,
 Le cunairt *Erin* na nclog sean?

Ni mfear siubhail dubhra mi-fhein,
 Ni nguth mi, o neol, na cruaim:
 Ach ta m' fhocul, le cunairt na h' *Erin*,
 An cualas duit eoppan na fuaim?
 Ni ntais é, Ri *Atha* nan fruth,
 A thaomas an fhuaim air oicha.

Taomagh an feod a ghuth fein,
 'S fon clarsich, do *Chathmor* an fhuaim,
 Ta aitis, mhic dubhra nan speur,
 Losga air m' anam, gun ghruaim.
 Se ceoil chican-fheona na ncruai-bheum,
 A m' oicha, air afri nan siän,
 Nuair lasas anam nan sön;
 A chlän an cruadal do miän.

Ta fiol-meata a nconí, na mfiamh,
 A ngleanan na n' ofna tlá,
 Far an aom ceo-maidin, ri sliabh,
 O ghorm-fhuibhal fruthan na mblár.

! Ni meata, chean-uia nan són,
 An seans'ra', on thuit mi-fein,
 Bu choni doigh dubhra nan tón,
 An tir fhadda fiol cholgach na mbeum,
 Ach ní nfolas do m'anam tlá
 Fuaim mhál a bhais on raoin,
 Thig effin nach geil gu bráth;
 Mosguil bard focuil a ícaoin. —

Mar charric, 's fruthan ri taobh,
 'M fasich na mfaoín bhean,
 Shes *Cathmor*, cean-feona mach maoin, —
 An deoir —————
 Mar oitag, air anam le brón,
 Thanic guth caoin na h'oi,
 Mosgla cuina talamh nan bean
 A caomh-choni aig fruthan na nglean;
 Roi n' ám an d' thanic é gu borb
 Gu cabhar *Chonmor* na ncolg fiar,

A nìon coigrich nan lán,
 (Thionta i ceann on d' fhón)
 'S fadda fa, m' fhuil, an cruai,
 Cran flathal *Inis-uina* nan tón.
 Ta m' anam, do thubhairt mi-fein,
 An truscan nan fian cear,
 Car son a lassa an dealra so fhein,
 Gus am pil mi, an sí', on d' fhliabh?

Na ghlas m' aighai', na t' fhionas, a lamh-ghéal,
 'S tu togmhail do m' eagal an Rì?
 'Sám cunairt, annir nan tróm chiabh.
 Am do m' anam, mór-thalla na fri!
 Attas e, tomhail mar fruth,
 A taomagh air *Cael* na ncruaí-bheum.

An taobh carric chosach, air *Lona*,
 Mo chaochan, nan fruthan cróm,
 Glas, a nciabh na h' aose,
 'Ta *Claon-mhal*, Rì clarsich nam fón.
 O s' cion ta cran-darrach na mfuaim,
 Agus siubhal nan rua-bhoc fliom,
 'Ta forum na fri' na chluais
 'S é 'g aomagh à nsmuina nach tiom.

An sin bith do thalla, *Shul-mhalla*,
 Gus an illfich forum na mbeum:
 Gus ám píl mi, an lassa na cruai',
 O thruscan dubhra na bein:
 On cheäch do thrustas o *Lona*
 Ma choni mo ruin fein,

Thuit gath-soluis air anam na h'oi.
 Las i suas, fa' choir an Ri:
 Thionta i á h' aighai ri *Cathmor*,
 A ciabh-bhóg ans' na h' osna á fri?

Reupar iulluir nan speir árd,
 O mhór-frúth gaoith na nglean;
 Nuair chi' é na ruai-bhuic, fa' choir,
 Clán elid na mfaoin bhean,
 Mu ntionta *Cathmor* na ncruai-bheum,
 On d' fri mu n' erich dán. —
 Faicimfe u, ghasgaich na ngeur lán,
 O thruscan an dubhra dú',
 Nuair thogas ceo mu m' choni fein,
 Air *Lona* na n' ioma frú'?
 Nuair's fadda, o m' shuil, u sheoid:
 Puail coppán na mfuaim árd.

Pillé solas, do m' anam, 's é nceö
 'S mi aig aoma air carric liom fein.
 Ach mo thuit u—mar ri coigrich ata mí!
 'Thigga' do ghuth o neoil,
 Ga oi *Inis-uina*, 's i fán.

Og gheug *Lumoin* an fheur,
 Com dh' aoma tu, 'nstrachda nan fian?
 'S tric thionta *Cathmor* ó nbhlár
 Du'-thaomagh air aighaí' nan sliabh.
 Mar mhellain, do m' fein, ta fleagh nan lét,
 'S iad prunagh air cós nan sciath;
 Dh' erim, mo fholluis, on d' fhrí;
 Mar thein-oicha, o thaoma nan niäl
 Na píl, a dheo-ghreina, on ghlean
 Nuair dhluthichas forum na ncolg:
 Eagal teachá do nabhad o m'lamh,
 Mar theich iad, o fhiean' fra' na m *Bólg*.

Chualas le *Sonmór* air *Cluanav*,
 Thuit fa *Chormac* na ngeúr lán,
 Tri lo dhorch an Rí,
 Mu n' fhear, a gh' aom an frí na glean.
 Chuinac min-bhean, a són á neco.

Phrosnich

Phrosnich sud d' i fiubhal gu sliabh,
Thog i bogha, fos n' iosal,
Gu dol marri laoch nan sciath.
Do n' ainir luigh dubhra air *Atha*,
Nuair shuilagh á ngaifgach gu gníomh.

O cheud fruthan aonach na h'oicha,
Thaom siol *Alnecma* síos.
Chualas scia' chasnachd an Rí,
Mhosguil a n' anam gu fri'
Bha' an fiubhal, a mforum nan lán,
Gu *Ullin*, talamh na ncrán.
Bhuail *Sónmór*, air uari', an sciath
Cean-feona na mborb thriath.
Na ndeabh, lean *Sul-allin*
Air aoma na mfras,
Bu sholus is, air aonach,
Nuair thaom iad air gleanta glas.
Ta ceamna flathail air lóm,
Nuair thog iad, ri aghai nan tóm.
B' eagal d' i scalla an Rí —
Dh' fhág i, n' *Atha* na mfri'.

Nuair dh' erich forum na mbeum,
Agus thaom iad, sa cheille, sa chath,

Loisg *Sormor*, mar theina nan speur,
 Thanie *Sul-aluin* na mflath.
 A folt scaoilta, sa n' oína,
 A h' anam aig osparn mon' Rí.
 Dh' aom é an t' shrí' mu rán nan laoiach,
 Theich nabhad fa' dhubhra nan speur
 Luigh *Cluanar* gun fhuil,
 Gun fhuil, air tigh caoil gun leus. —

Ni n' d' erich fearg *Shon-mhor* nan lán,
 Bha' lo gu dorchá, 's gu mál:
 Ghluais *Sul a'lin* mu gorm-fru' fein.
 A fuil an reachda nan deuir.
 Bu lionmhar a sealla, gu caoin
 Air gaisgach sabhach nach faoin.
 Ach thionta i a fuillin tla,
 O shealla, an laoch thuatal.
 Mhoisgú blair, mar fhorum nan nial,
 Ghluais dorán o anam mór,
 Chunas a ceamna, le aitis,
 'Sa lámh-ghéal air clarsích na mfón.

Na chruai a ghluais an Rí, gun dail,
 Bhuail é 'n sciath chofach árd;

Gu árd, air darach nan fian,
 Aig *Lubbair* na n' ioma fruth.
 Seachd coppain a bh', air an scé,
 Seachd focuil an Rí' do fhluagh;
 A thaomagh air osna nan speur,
 Air finachá mór na m *Bólg*.

Air gach copan ta reül do n'oicha;
Cean-mathon nan ros gun scleo',
Caol-derna, o neoil aig eri',
Ul-oicho an truscan do cheö.
 'Ta *Caon-cathlin*, air carric, a dealra
Reül-dura' ar gorm-thón on iar:
Leth-chellagh solus an uisce.
 'Ta *Ber-thein*, las-shuil nan sliabh,
 Sealla fios, o choille fa n'aonach;
 Air mál fhiubhal, sélgair 's é triäl,
 Roi ghleanan, an dubhra bhraonach,
 Le faogh rua-bhuic nan leum árd.

Tomhail, a miän na scé,
 'Ta lassá *Ton-theina*, gun neoil,
 An rinnac a sheal, roi n'oicha,
 Air *Lear-thon* a chuain mhoir;

Lear-thon, cean-feona na m Bólg
A nceud-fhear a shuibhail air gaoith.

Leathain scaoile seoil bhán an Rí.
Gu *Inis-fail* nan ioma fru?
Thaom oicha air aighaí' a chuain,
Agus ceäch nan truscan du'.
Bha' gaoith a caochla dlu' sa n'speur.
Leum loingheas, o thòn gu tòn;
Nuair dh' erich *Ton-theina* nan stuagh
Caon-shealla, o bhrisfa' nan nial,
B' aitis do *Learthon* tein-uil na mbuaigh,
A dealra air domhan nan fian.

Fa' fleagh *Chathmor* na ncolg sean
Dhuisge an guth, a dhuisga Baird.
Thaom iad du', o thaobh nan fliabh,
Le clarsich ghrin 's gach lamh.
Le aitis mór, fhés rompa an Rí,
Mar fhear-siubhal, ri teas la 'nglean.
Nuair chluinas é, fadda sa nréth,
Caoin thorman fruthan na mbean:
Sruthan a bhristas sa n' fhasich,
O charrie thaobh-ghlas nan rua-bhoc.

Cur son chluinim guth ard an Ri —
 N' ám codal, a n' oicha nan fras?
 Am facas tanais nach beo,
 Measc t'aflin aig aoma glas?
 Air neoil am bail an aitach fuar,
 Feaghai' fón *Fbonair* na mflcagh?
 'S lionmhar an fiubhal air réth,
 Far an tog an fiol an t' fhleagh.
 Na n' erich, ar cronan air thús,
 Mu n' fhear, nach tog on t' fhlea' gu brath;
 Fear choscairt, air glean nan floigh,
 O *Mboma* nan ioma bad?

Ni dith-chuin do m' dorchá na mblár
 Chiean-fheona na mbard, o thús,
 Togar cloch do aig *Lubhair* na ncárn,
 Ait-coni dh' *Fholdath* 'sdo chliu.
 Ach taom m' anam, air ám nan laoich,
 Air na bliaghna', so n d' erich iad fuas,
 Air tón *Inis-uina* na ncolg.
 Ni n' aitis, do *Chatbunor* a bhain,
 Cuina *Lumon* inis uina na nfloi?
Lumon talamh na nfruth,
 Caon-choni na mbán-bhroilach Oi.

Lumon na fruth!

'Ta u dealra, air m' anam fein,

'Ta do ghrian, air do thaobh,

Air carric na ncràn bu tróm.

Tat' elid chear

Do dhearg bar-mhor, a measc na m'bad

A faicin air sliabh.

An colg-chu, a siubhal grad.

Màl air an réth

Ta ceamna nan Oi:

Oi lamh-gheal nan teud

'S na bogha cróm, sa mhoi;

Togmhail an gorm-fhuil tlá,

On leatain bhar-bhui, air sliabh na mflath.

Ni bail ceamna *Lear-thon* sa bhein,

Cean *Inis* na ngeug uina.

Ta é togmhail du-dharach air tón,

A ncamis *Cbluba*, nan ioma stua',

An du-dharach, bhuain é o *Lumon*,

Gu siubhal air aighai a chuain.

Thionta Oi an fuillin tlá,

On Ri, mo ntuitagh é fios.

ORIGINAL OF TEMORA. ROY

Ni mfaças leö riamh an long,
Cear mharcach a chuain mhoir.

Ghlaoi' anois, an Ri a ghaoith.
Measc ceó na marra glais.
Dh' erich *Inis-fail* gu gorm:
Thuit, gu dian, oicha na mfraiss.
Bhuail eagal *Clan-Bholga* gu lua'
Ghlan neoil, o *Thon-theina* nan stua'
A ncamis *Chulbin* dh' atich an long
Far am fregra' coille do thón.
Bu chopach an fin an fru'
O charric *Duth-umha* na ncós,
'San dealra tannais nach beo
Le ncruith caochlach fein.

Thanic aslin gu *Lear-thon* nan long,
Seachd Samla do nlina nach beo,
Chualas a nguth brista, tróm:
Chunas an siol an ceö.
Chunas siol *Atha* no ncolg —
'San clán cian-ua' na m Bolg.
Thaom iad a mfeachda' fein,
Mar cheach a terna on bheir,

Nuair fhiubhlas é glas, fa' osna,

Air, *Atha* nan ioma dos.

Thog *Lear-thon* talla *Shamla*,

Ri caoin fhón clarsich nan teud.

Dh' aom cilid *Erin*, o cheamna

Aig aifra' glas nan fruth.

Nin dith-chuín do *Lumon* uina,

Na *Flathal*, gheal-lamhach na mbua'gh

'S í comhaid, air marcach nan tón

O Thulach nan cilid ruagh.

Lumon na fruth

Ta ú dealra' air m' anam fein!

Mhosguil gath soluis on ear,

Dh' erich árd-chiean cheäich na bein.

Chunás air cladach na ngleanan

A ncróm chaochan ghlas-fruthach fein.

Chualas sciath *Cathmor* na ncolg,

Mhosguil fiol *Erin* na m *Bolg*.

Mar mhuir dhomhail, nuair ghluifas gu geur

Fuaim aitti, air aghai' nan speur:

Taoma tuin, o thaobh gu taobh,

Aig aomagh a nglas chiean bao;

Gun eolas, air fhubhal a chuain.

Trom is mál, gu *Lon* na fruth
 Ghluais *Suil-mballa* nan rosc tlá ;
 Ghluais as thionta n' Oi le brón:
 A gorm-shuil fa fhilla blá.
 Nuair thanic i gu carric chruai'
 Du chromagh air gleanan an *Lón*
 Sheal i, o bristagh a ceil,
 Air Ri *Atha* ——— dh' aom i fios.

Puail teud, a mhic *Alpain* na mfón,
 Ambail solas a nclarsich na nieöl?
 Taom air *Ossian*, agus Ossun gu tróm,
 Ta anam a snamh a nccö.

Chualas u, Bhaird, a m' oicha
 Ach siubhla fón edrom uam fein!
 'S aitis caoin thurra do dh' *Ossian*
 A mbliaghna chear na h' aoise.

Dhreun uaina thulloch nan tais
 A thaomas 'o chean air gaoith oicha,
 Ni bail t' fhorum na mchluais fein:
 Na faital tannais, na d' gheug ghlaís.
 'S lionmhar ceamna na maibh bu treun
 Air osna, dubh-aifra' na bein,

Nuair

Nuair ghluifas a ghellach, an ear,
Mar ghlas-scia, du shiubhal nan speur.

Ullin, a Charril, a Raon
Guith amfair a dh' aom o-shean:
Cluinim siobh an dorchadas *Shelma*
Agus mosglibhse anam nan dán!

Ni ncluinim siobh fhiol na mfón,
Cia an talla do neoil, 'mbail ar suain
Na tribuail siobh, clarsach nach tróm,
An truscan ceo-madin 's cruaim.
Far an erich, gu fuaimar a ghrian
O stuaigh na ncean glas?

F I N I S.



Macpherson, James,

Works of Ossian

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